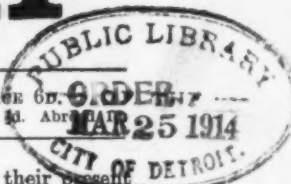


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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

ON Monday the Prime Minister, in a speech of great persuasiveness and dignity of manner and phrasing, announced the form of the Government's grand concession to Ulster. He named it in conjunction with two other plans, Sir Horace Plunkett's, enabling Ulster to vote herself out of the Home Rule Parliament after entering it; and "Home Rule within Home Rule," of which the Prime Minister confessed himself an adherent. The terms of the option on which the Cabinet have finally settled are that in any Ulster county the majority of the Parliamentary electors may decree its exclusion for six years from the date of the meeting of the Irish Parliament unless Parliament otherwise determine—that is to say, unless a Liberal or Conservative House of Commons extends or diminishes the period of the veto. A poll may be taken at the request of at least a tenth of the electors and within three months of the passing of the Home Rule Bill. Belfast and Derry City are to be treated as separate counties, which again means that Belfast will go out and Derry in all probability come in.

THE scope of the operation of this measure would almost certainly be that of the four predominant Protestant counties. Antrim, Armagh, Derry, and Down would go out; Tyrone and Fermanagh—where the majorities are Catholic—would stand in. During the

six years the excluded counties will retain their present representatives in the House of Commons—an obvious advantage to the Unionists. The new annexe of the Bill largely affects its finance, and involves a complicated arrangement for the administration of the excluded areas under Dublin Castle and the House of Commons. For some of these purposes the White Paper rather easily suggests the machinery of Orders in Council. It is difficult to see how so intricate a matter can be adequately discussed in Parliament. The Prime Minister hinted that it might be threshed out in a Conference of the parties, so that, when the Bill reaches the Lords, they may have the amended Irish Constitution before them in fairly definite form.

It seems doubtful, however, whether any such method of compromise will be set up. Mr. Asquith closed his statement with a reminder that our political genius enabled us to renounce "the falsehood of extremes," and entreated the Commons to pursue the "way of unity and peace." For the present, the only words of peace on the Unionist side have come from the "Spectator" and the "Daily Graphic," the latter of which insists that the concession has destroyed Ulster's "moral right to take up arms." For this reason, perhaps, our special correspondent says that she has received the news of the compromise with "execration." Mr. Bonar Law insisted that the proposals merely meant that Ulster must disband her forces to-day and come into Home Rule, unarmed, to-morrow. Sir Edward Carson, however, went a little further to meet the Prime Minister. He hinted that if the Government would forego the time-limit, he was prepared to put the question of permanent exclusion before an Ulster Convention.

To that, we imagine, neither Liberals nor Nationalists will consent. Mr. Redmond insisted that the new scheme must represent the utmost limits of concession, while Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy threw it aside altogether. Indeed, the machinery suggested in the White Paper is obviously inconsistent with permanent exclusion. For that purpose some device fit to stand the wear and tear of long years must obviously be constructed. The Liberal-Nationalist alliance would break down under a scheme decreeing a disunited Ireland, and British Home Rule opinion would never stand so pitiful a conclusion to the Home Rule fight. It would mean that this Parliament had done little beyond declaring that Ireland was two countries instead of one—a proposition to which, curiously enough, no one in Ireland, be he Catholic or Orangeman, subscribes.

THE new Naval Estimates ask for £51,550,000, an increase of five and a quarter millions on the gross estimates for 1913-14. Thus, during his tenure of the Admiralty, Mr. Churchill has added nine millions to the cost of the Navy, and has imposed about a threepenny income-tax on the people. The building programme is not, apparently, so large as that of last year, for it provides for only four battleships (against five), four light cruisers (against eight), and twelve destroyers (against

sixteen). There is to be an unspecified provision of submarines, probably the most deadly arm of all. Nothing is said specifically as to the means to be adopted to replace the lost or deferred Canadian ships or to open up any new Mediterranean policy. But the Estimates allow for the expenditure of unusually large sums on the new battleships in the current year, so that it is clear that we are again faced with the device of "acceleration," and with the prospect of more supplementary estimates. Mr. Churchill's memorandum explains the chief causes of the increases to be £400,000 for the new fuel service (never explained to Parliament); £450,000 for more pay for more men; £300,000 for the air service (a practically uncriticised development); £750,000 for increased earnings by contractors (who are rapidly emptying their yards, and will soon call for more ships to fill them with); and £800,000 for accelerated new construction.

We referred some time ago to the prospect of a decrease in the size of battleships, and to the obvious discount on the battleship theory of navies which the rapid growth in the power and striking area of the submarine was bringing about. On this all-important point, "Truth," in an article called "The Passing of the Dreadnought," gives the following account of recent developments of the submarine:—

"I believe it to be the accepted doctrine in the best-informed naval circles that, as things are at present, no battleship dare venture into waters in which submarines are known to be lurking. What does this mean? That in future battleships can only come into action in mid-ocean—in the centre of the Atlantic, possibly, or in the South Sea; that in the next naval war the 'narrow seas' around the British Isles, the Baltic, and the Mediterranean can be literally closed to battleships. Nor will the broad oceans be exempted from the closure for long. The new British submarines now under construction, of which particulars were given in 'Truth' two or three weeks ago, will be all but ocean-going ships. Their radius of action, limited only by the necessity of replenishing their fuel, is 1,000 miles. They will have a surface speed of nearly twenty-two knots—that of a first-class battleship—and about sixteen knots speed, submerged. They are to be of 1,500 tons displacement, which enables them to carry a large armament of torpedoes and two-quick-firing guns. Against these craft a battleship is absolutely defenceless, unless when she is lying at anchor with torpedo nets out, and at the present moment no one can see how she ever is to be defended."

The puzzling anti-Russian campaign has continued this week to run its course in the German and Austrian press. It is by no means confined to the usual organs of the armament firms and the Prussian military caste. The "Berliner Tageblatt," a Radical and somewhat pacifist organ, has joined in it, possibly because it is the mouthpiece of the Jewish middle-class. No new fact has emerged to explain the scare. Russia is undoubtedly arming heavily, both on land and on sea, but her preparations were known to all the world a year ago, and have already had their reply in the last German Army Bill. Some belated official efforts have now been made to allay the panic, and from the Russian side, it is said that the Tsar has written a letter to the Kaiser, and that the Russian Ambassador has inquired whether the article in the "Cologne Gazette" was semi-official. In the French Chamber, a Conservative Clerical, M. Denys Cochin, has drawn attention to the danger of Russian aggression in Sweden and the Balkans. In the "Times" of Wednesday Lord Cromer appealed for a settlement of the Ulster question, in order that we in this country

might be united while the European atmosphere was so electric. We are inclined to think that the campaign is primarily an effort to rally German Nationalist feeling, which the Zabern incident heightened in Prussia but depressed in the South.

KING FERDINAND and the Radoslavoff Ministry, having dissolved a Chamber dominated by an Opposition which was frankly anti-dynastic, have now carried out their General Election. The last election was free; this election was the occasion for vigorous governmental pressure. It has resulted in securing a narrow majority of eleven for the Government, but this has been achieved only by the ruthless repression of the Socialists and by the dragooning of the new voters; mainly Greeks and Turks, in the recently acquired territory of Gumuljina. It was creditable to enfranchise these new citizens, but no one affects to believe that they have exercised their suffrages freely. The event shows that proportional representation makes for stability, and it is fairly clear that had the election been held under the same conditions as the last it would have yielded substantially the same result.

COLONEL SEELY'S survey of the Army Estimates on Tuesday was quite reasonably optimistic. We happen to be in a good trade cycle in which recruiting falls short, but the Army remains at the standard which suits our needs. It is undoubtedly better trained; the Reserve is large, and the Expeditionary Force still stands at the very high point of 162,000 men at which Lord Haldane fixed it. The Territorials are 56,000 below strength. But here, again, the material and training improve, the recruiting is good, and the Territorials come out in comparison with the Volunteers (the only proper test) as a far stronger and more efficient military unit. If, therefore, we are, on the whole, well and efficiently served, what is the sense of Colonel Seely's suggestion that it is disgraceful to a man not to give some portion of his time to military service? Why should it be more honorable to become a soldier than a policeman or a fireman? And if we only want so many thousand soldiers a year, why beat the tom-tom for universal service?

CONGRESS would seem to be responding to the "large" policy of President Wilson in the Panama Tolls question. One may doubt whether any statesman has done a more difficult thing in international politics since Gladstone conceded the autonomy of the Transvaal after Majuba. Few peoples ever realize that "the large thing" is the only thing they can afford to do, and fewer still are ever prepared for "voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood." There is no doubt that Dr. Wilson is obtaining an almost unprecedented ascendancy over Congress, and that he owes it entirely to his own personality and not at all to the party machine. The effect of his intervention was seen last Friday, when the Commerce Committee of the House of Representatives favorably reported the Adamson Bill, which repeals the exemption from tolls of American coastwise shipping, by the great majority of 17 to 4.

THE South African Indemnity Bill is now before the Senate, where it is assured of a large majority, in spite of the formidable opposition of Mr. Schreiner. General Smuts has once more distinguished himself by a frank admission that the deported men committed no offence. "He did not call them criminals, but they had behaved to South Africa in such a way that they had no use for them in that country." General Smuts announced that

the experience of the July strike had taught him to revise his "Liberal ideas." But this is a repudiation not merely of Liberalism, but of the foundations of civil right. The deportations are purely political, and it is the affectation of every party to believe that its opponents have behaved in such a way that the country has no use for them. Meanwhile, the vindictive Bill of pains and penalties for the railwaymen who struck is being driven through the Lower House; but the Opposition under Sir Thomas Smartt is at last yielding to the temptation to angle for votes, and pleads for leniency. It is satisfactory that the attempt to prosecute the still remaining leaders for inciting to strike has failed, and the prosecution has been withdrawn. That is not yet a crime even in South Africa. The new anti-strike Bill will fill that gap in the law.

THE Essex laborers are making an excellent fight for the right to belong to a trade union. The men who have been locked out have paid visits to the neighboring villages, with the result that the union is increasing its members every day. There is a good deal of sympathy with them among the farmers. Mr. Cowell, a magistrate, and, perhaps, the largest farmer in North Essex, observed to a "Daily News" representative on Wednesday: "There is no getting away from the fact that farmers will have to pay more money to their laborers, and as for the Helions Bumpstead farmers saying their men must not belong to the union, it is out of the question. They are years behind the times." The men live in tied cottages, but by a local custom they pay their rent yearly, and there is a question whether they can be evicted. The struggle in Norfolk continues, and Mr. Roberts has asked the President of the Board of Trade whether he will intervene with a view to bringing about a settlement.

THE Swedish Riksdag has now been dissolved, and a General Election will follow on the question of armaments. The stop-gap Government proposes an increase in the Navy and in the fortresses, but the main point of contention is the lengthening of the term of service in the infantry. The King has made an effort to put himself right with the people by a rather feeble declaration of his constant determination to observe the Constitution. One hardly supposes, however, that such a verbal profession of correctitude will remove the impression caused by an emphatic and public indiscretion, which ended in an open defiance of a Cabinet with a large majority behind it. In spite of the general uneasiness over the Russian menace, the chances seem to be that the Liberal-Socialist Coalition will return to power, modified only by the replacement of the weaker Liberals by Socialists.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Bonar Law to set Sir John Randles and Mr. Cassel (with them Mr. F. E. Smith), to convict Mr. Lloyd George of inaccuracy and of "gross attacks" on individuals, and to expose him to the indignant Commons. The result might have been foreseen. The attack was swept out of the field by a brilliant counter-assault. Its futility may be judged by the fact that Mr. Cassel's classical example of Georgian wickedness was the rehearsal of the notorious Gorrington case, under which the Westminster estate milked a big London tradesman of £4,000 a year in ground rents and £50,000 in premiums under circumstances which Mr. George on the whole described with perfect accuracy. But even if he had tripped over a figure, where does the charge of "gross and unfounded personal attacks" come in? The Chancellor of the Exchequer's individual touches seem to us always to be as light as they are amusing, and their point is precisely

the reverse of Mr. Smith's vituperativeness. Mr. George obviously attacks a system which is so privileged that it can be tracked through the doings of half-a-dozen great estates, with historic names at the head of them. Mr. Smith's manner seems to us merely the average witty lawyer's abuse of the plaintiff's attorney.

ON Tuesday, Miss Mary Richardson, a suffragette, damaged the Rokeby Venus—Velasquez's famous picture in the National Gallery—by smashing the glass and slashing what is, perhaps, the most beautiful painted representation of the body of a woman that the world contains. Miss Richardson explained that she had committed this outrage in the name of women, because Mrs. Pankhurst, another "beautiful" woman, was being killed by the Government. The death of Mrs. Pankhurst is probably the last thing that the Government desire, though her arrest at the Glasgow meeting seems to have been a needlessly violent and extremely tactless act. But if this crime is one of revenge, is it not clear that its effect is merely to set up new currents of revengeful feeling, which again, we suppose, the suffragettes must "revenge?" For this attack on the nation's treasure, which happens, incidentally, to be a special treasure and glory of womanhood, has been resented out of all proportion to the actual damage inflicted by it. Miss Richardson has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and many public galleries have been closed.

THE evidence accumulates that there is a powerful reaction in this country against the ideal of the historian which has dominated the Universities for so long. He held it "a baseness to write fair," and conceived of his work as the elaborate compilation and annotation of "documents." Lord Haldane's Creighton lecture followed the impulse of Mr. Trevelyan's "Clio, a Muse," in its contention that history, if it is a science, is quite as certainly an art. The historian, he argued, is the portrait-painter, and not the photographer; he selects, he emphasizes, he divines, and above all he must aim at creating an intelligible whole. The best thing in the lecture was Lord Haldane's protest against the tyranny of "documents." The memoranda which find their way into archives are commonly the work of subordinates, who enjoy only a fitful and imperfect inspiration. No one, he confided to his audience, would ever be able to write from any existing documents the true history of the recent Anglo-German *rapprochement*, which he happened to know.

ARE we on the eve of a great rupture between the ecclesiasticism of the Bishops and the scholarship of the Professors? The weathercock in the Church of England points steadily in that direction. It is clear that the recitation of the Athanasian Creed has for years been a stumbling block to clergy and laity alike—that it contains clauses which offend the intellect and the conscience, and (incidentally) are historically untrue. Most of the Bishops who count know this. Yet, after deliberating in the Canterbury House of Convocation on the point, they decide that the Creed is to be repeated as if it were true. But it is only to be repeated once instead of (as at present) fourteen times. The professors, in the person of the Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, are indignant. "I protest," says Dr. Barnes in a recent letter to the "Times," "against the opportunism which does not dare to face the fact that the damnatory clauses of the *Quicumque vult* contain a direct untruth. We demand from our Bishops permission to speak truth in the Church as elsewhere." Unhappily, it is the Bishops of the Zanzibar type, some of them High and some of them Low, who dominate the Church of England.

Politics and Affairs.

THE GREAT CONCESSION.

LIBERALS have been so accustomed of late to the plea that they must consider their opponents' case before their own that they may be pardoned for asking how the new turn in the Irish situation affects them. In our view, it affects them very seriously. We dismiss for a moment the character and merits of the changes which the Prime Minister recommended in his impressive statement on Monday. Apart from them, it is surely a grave matter that a Bill of the first importance should be vitally changed in character as the result of an undisguised appeal to force on the part of its opponents. Consider the circumstances. Home Rule is no new doctrine to the British Empire or to the British electorate. It is in the natural growth of our Parliamentary system, and is the only possible tie between the Imperial centre and the self-governing Dominions. It has been argued in these realms for more than a generation, and a Home Rule Bill has thrice passed the House of Commons. Now it is not pretended that the House or the Government have changed their minds as to the worth and soundness of this measure. The Prime Minister, indeed, expressly denied any such process. The change is made to avert the threats of civil war, and to stay the elaborate preparations for it. The men who have made these preparations proudly proclaim their success, and propose to use it as a lever for extorting further concessions, up to the point when their entire demand has been wrung from a Ministry with an entirely steadfast majority of about one hundred. We think this is a bad omen for democracy. Those of us who desire large changes in the modern State desire also that they shall be conceded with a measure of good-will, or at least that the pressure behind them shall be more moral than physical. The Ulstermen will say that Home Rule could not in any case have been carried without the resort to armed force, and we would yield a large discretion to a Minister who sought to avert that calamity. But it is clear that their attitude greatly complicates the future. Terrorism has succeeded. It has professed, indeed, to work with two instruments—the fear of civil strife on the one hand and the private influence of the Sovereign on the other. If the ghost of Conservatism still walks, one would like to question it as to which of these weapons it regards as the more likely to turn in the hand of the user.

We say, therefore, that Liberalism has made a great sacrifice. To what end? To no end at all, we are now informed. The offer to exempt from the Bill any Ulster county which desires exemption is a "snare," says the "Morning Post," which declares that the "only possible conclusion" is the abandonment of Home Rule. "A more generous offer *must* be made," says Lord Milner. "We must have not only those counties in which the majority is for exclusion, but those where it is not," argues the "Times." A Bill intended to set up a united Ireland is to be changed so as to constitute a disunited one, pleads Sir Edward Carson. Political partisans shift their views so rapidly that before we deal with these invitations on their merits, we must ask how these

demands square with the original claim of the Opposition, and how far Mr. Asquith's concessions fall short of that claim. Now the Tory Party, acting for Ulster, have never asked for unconditional and permanent exclusion from the Home Rule system. They have demanded that there shall be no such inclusion until the British electorate has been consulted. They have also asked for a Referendum. So far as Ireland is concerned, the Referendum is given them in the only form in which it could be taken without obvious injustice to the large Catholic minority in the province. So far as Great Britain is concerned, the demand of the Opposition is met twice over. There must be two British elections before the great Ulster counties can come, even partially and tentatively, into an Irish Parliament. If a Conservative Government win either of them, the exclusion can be made permanent. Even a Liberal win in 1915 will not condemn Ulster to inclusion. Only the event of such a victory in 1920—when the election must necessarily turn largely, if not exclusively, on Ulster—can bring about that result. And why should it not? The test will have been amply fulfilled; for even Mr. Bonar Law does not yield to Ulster an unqualified right of rebellion. She is only to "rebel" up to the point when she has clear demonstration that the majority of the British electorate is against her. Supposing the Government had yielded *simpliciter* to the Opposition's demand for an immediate election, and the result had been a Liberal success in the summer, Mr. Bonar Law must then have summoned her to lay down her arms. Under the amended Bill, she, or the vital part of Orange Ulster, will have not, as Sir Edward Carson says, six years of reprieve and then "execution," but six years of certain grace, and then as much further time as her British friends can assure her. Does any man with the gift of reason maintain that the Asquith concession fails to secure the two substantial claims of the Protestant counties—first, the full power to determine constitutionally their present lot, and the right to be unhurried and unvexed in their immediate alliance with the old system of Irish government; secondly, a definite and deliberate appeal to the British elector? And if this cannot be denied, where is the case for rebellion?

It has, of course, disappeared. No man can say that Ulster has now a right to rebel. Her friends may object, may fairly argue for an extension of the time-limit, or for a change in the character or the area of the excluding ballot. But they cannot make refusal a ground for an appeal to violence, and if they do, we warn them that they will find the area of recruiting for such wickedness very sensibly diminished. Ireland, of course, suffers. Virtually, a new Bill has to be framed in a hurry, and the scheme of government it contrives for any excluded area cannot, we fear, be a good one. The Home Rule experiment starts impoverished in material force and in moral weight. It no longer commands the great advantage of wiping out the old labels and attachments of the existing Irish parties, and giving Ireland the benefit of the real thought of all her citizens. Unionists and Nationalists will still be regimented; still have their eye on the cajolement or the intimidation of the British elector. This is the last

and perhaps the worst gift of Unionist statesmanship to Ireland. In one sense Mr. Redmond's task is simplified, for he will not have an irreconcilable faction on his hands in the Dublin Parliament while he makes his moral and political appeal to industrial Belfast and agricultural Ulster. Thus Irish union may come through the force of 'suasion, and we applaud any device which promises to yield a united Ireland as the price of a long, deliberate bargain with Ulster, while it avoids the cruelties and misunderstandings, the welter of fury and jealousy, which civil strife entails. But that is a very different thing from imposing disunity on Ireland as an integral part of a Home Rule Bill. Any future Parliament is free to impose this disunity if it will. This Parliament and this Ministry cannot. If such a thing were done in accordance with Sir Edward Carson's scheme, Mr. Redmond might well pray to be delivered from Liberalism and all its works, and Liberalism, in its turn, would be driven to ask whither its leaders had led it. By such a process a party, unbeaten in argument or in the division lobby, would have been reduced to complete humiliation and to the voluntary surrender of the weapon with which it had armed democracy against the House of Lords. In our opinion, the Government has gone as far as in honor or safety it can go; it is, indeed, within an inch of the precipice over which its more astute opponents would drive it. We urge it, therefore, to stand firm on its existing offer. The amended Bill is full of deep consideration for Ulster, and, we will add, for the King's possible objections and personal feelings. But neither he nor any force in the State can call upon a great British party to yield up its life to its enemies.

A CIVILIZED PANIC.

IN Turkey, in the old Hamidian days, there was no more familiar phenomenon than a panic. It had its ritual and its conventions, and when the word went forth to fear, every householder knew by habit or tradition what he was expected to do. He closed his shop, and within five minutes the bazaar looked as if some miracle had brought about a union of creeds. It was Friday, Saturday, and Sunday all at once, for fear spared neither Jew, Mahommedan, nor Christian. Someone had been suddenly shot in the streets; a rebel band was prowling near the gates of the town, or else some fanatic dervish in the mosques had been calling the faithful to a holy war.

We have our panics in Europe also. They are much less dramatic and rather less frequent. They close no shops and affect the business world only on the Bourse. A stranger might know nothing of them unless he read the newspaper. They are a form rather of national than of personal fear, but they mean in the last resort the same thing as the more primitive Turkish alarms. They mean that in our international relations we do not yet live under the supremacy of law; we go in dread of a violent outbreak of force; we have not yet so much as begun to organize an international security comparable with the municipal security of which the possession distinguishes us from Turkey. There has been a rather serious

panic this week in the German bazaar, and, like most panics, its origin is mysterious. Who started it? Who will profit by it? These are questions to which one can give only a conjectural answer. The fact is that Russia began to re-organize her armaments shortly after the Manchurian war. Her finances, thanks to good harvests and French indulgence, have been more prosperous than usual, and since the opening of the Eastern crisis in the Bosnian affair her arming has proceeded rapidly. She had to submit then to the menace of German force, and she has never forgotten the lesson. She is spending heavily on her navy, and the only question about that expenditure, is whether her unwilling sailors and inexperienced officers will ever be able to handle the great ships which foreign firms are helping her to build. She has increased her army on a peace footing. She is about to build strategical railways which may in some measure enable her to remedy her vital defect as a military Power—her inability to mobilize rapidly. Finally, she is doing what every Power must do from time to time—she is re-arming her artillery with a superior weapon. These are the known facts, and they are not new. They were adduced last year as the reason which excused the increase in the German Army, an increase which was represented even in official speeches as the Teutonic answer to a new Slav peril. What is it that has caused old facts to be suddenly warmed up to make a new panic?

The answer is, we imagine, that every Chauvinist party must have a bogey, and every Chauvinist party in its turn provides that indispensable adjunct of military civilization to its neighbor. The Prussian military caste is evidently in an enterprising mood, and the state of Europe makes a promising field for enterprise. It turned the formation of the Baltic League to account to increase the German Army, and even this extravagance was not so far-fetched as it seemed at the moment, for undoubtedly efforts have been made, and were lately made, to consolidate this ill-omened League as an instrument of Russian policy against Austria. Then came the inevitable reaction in France, and the Three Years' Law served to reveal the strength of the new Nationalism, which M. Poincaré was leading more or less under Russian instigation. Again the Prussian military caste used its opportunity. It began to talk of the French *revanche*, and of the restlessness in Alsace, and presently the outrageous conduct of the Zabern garrison revived the nearly dormant Alsatian question. The Alsatian question is a prime necessity to Prussian militarism. The Empire began in conquest, and the Prussian hegemony is based on a sort of daily conquest. Whenever the non-Prussian States become restive, whenever the Socialist democracy seems within reach of the reforms which would shake its ascendancy, the old legend is revived that France would recover the lost provinces by the sword, and by the sword Germany must hold them. The inference is clear that the army must be above the Parliament, and that the Kaiser must remain the irresponsible head of a military caste. When these basic principles of Prussian ascendancy are in danger of being forgotten, there is sure to arise by a Providential dispensation some beardless lieutenant who will crack the

head of a lame Alsatian cobbler. The Zabern incident succeeded so well that the military party has turned this time to the East for a bogey. The activity of Russia is indeed a tempting theme. It positively invites misconstruction. What is it, for example, that Russian policy is planning in Sweden? Why was it necessary for the Russian military attaché in Stockholm to plunge so deeply in affairs of espionage? An eminently pacific little country, which asks only to pursue its own work of culture without interference, has been shaken to its foundations by the dread of Russian aggression. In Austria, moreover, when the courts are not trying a Russian spy, they are exposing the treasonable Pan-Russian propaganda of Count Bobrinsky among the Ruthenians. For our part, we do not believe that Russian policy will ever threaten a well-armed opponent like Germany; there lies the fundamental absurdity of this scare. But it is a restless and ill-controlled policy, and either in Scandinavia or in the Balkans or in Armenia it might conceivably become aggressive. Even in France there is uneasiness on this score, which found expression this week in the speech of an orator so Conservative and so well-informed as M. Denys Cochin. But Germany has nothing to fear. If her military caste points to Russian armaments, it is only because any pretext is good to justify some further increase in German preparations. The German contractors who help to build Russian warships naturally expect to be called in to construct the German ships and guns which will answer them.

What we are witnessing to-day is the inevitable consequence of the struggle for a balance of power. Everywhere there are interested groups and castes to exploit the fears which the armed peace creates. Here it is a caste of military aristocrats, there a combination of great contractors. We shall win clear of this state of latent and continuous panic only by a parallel movement of opposition in each country to the forces of unrest. France is on the eve of a momentous decision. At the coming elections, the victory of M. Caillaux and his Radicals, with the Socialists on their left, will mean the almost definite abandonment of the *revanche*, and the acceptance by France of a policy of progressive approach to Germany, if Germany should become approachable. But it is an unlucky chance which wills that at the moment when France is on the verge of a decisive conflict with her own militarists, Prussian militarism becomes peculiarly rampant. The curse of the system of alliances is that it renders difficult any escape from the circle of panics and provocations. France may repudiate "nationalism," but of what avail is that if Russia arouses suspicions? Germany may feel secure, but the Austrian ally is threatened from the East. There is no way out of these entanglements, save by a loosening of the ties which have divided Europe into two triple groups, and the constitution in their place of a permanent Concert which will act on the principle that in every European question it is Europe that must decide. What was done in the Balkan crisis, haltingly and feebly, must be developed, until some council like the Conference of London becomes a permanent institution. It must be felt, when one Power appears to be pursuing a policy of

provocation, that the armaments of her neighbor are not the only safeguard. It must be known in advance that a Common Council will always be found at work to facilitate concessions, to delay impetuosities, to impose the verdict of public opinion on any restless and aggressive Government. We are to-day in the case of the panic-ridden city of the East, and fear will haunt our gates, until we have organized an international system of security and order.

THE AGRARIAN AWAKENING.

WHEN men whose wages are twelve shillings a week are spirited enough to brave the farmers' anger by wearing the badges of their union in the fields, we may hope again for the English village. A century ago, some far-sighted observers among the employing class, which was anxiously watching the temper and behavior of the great population of working people that seemed to have sprung up in a night, chanced on an important discovery. They found that the more a class was oppressed, the slower it was to revolt, and that it was a little poverty that was a dangerous thing. Or, borrowing from the language of a science that was just then so fatally in the ascendant, they might have said that they had detected a law of diminishing returns in the ratio of the production of rebels by distress. Of course, this generalization, like most laws, only represented a tendency, and the most wretched and trampled of people would break out now and again; but, generally speaking, the greatest danger of rebellion was from those who had something to lose. The philosophers had not enough experience to discover the moral explanation of this apparent paradox; they were content to note the fact, and to attribute it to the perversity of human nature in the ignorant and wage-earning classes.

The disabling power of low wages has fallen with greater effect on the agricultural laborers than on any other class. For here the depressing influence of a low standard and of traditions of poor expectations has been reinforced by all the enveloping circumstances of men's lives. The factory system, though it brought many calamities to the working-class, brought the great opportunity of combination. It blended or even pounded men and women into masses. Field work remains isolating; a poor medium for rebel energy. The agricultural laborer passed under the new dominion of capital, but he had not the new means and the new weapons for self-defence. The balance of power between employer and employed has shifted in his case, altogether to the disadvantage of the employed. This is true in a strictly economic sense; it is true, also, emphatically in a moral sense. The laborer who lives in the farmer's cottage, is paid perhaps in part by allowances, free carting, or milk, and works under his eye, stands in a direct personal relation to his employer that makes it far more difficult for him to assert himself than it is for a man who never speaks to his employer and belongs to a great body of men who wage war and conduct their diplomacy by accredited representatives. Industrial warfare loses a great deal of its unpleasantness in town life by becoming for the

great mass of combatants comparatively impersonal; in country life a farmer who likes to nag and hector can spread an atmosphere which it takes a remarkable courage for men working singly or in twos and threes to disregard. It surrounds the daily life of the laborer. He cannot escape from it.

The most cheering fact of the present time is not that people of other classes have come to see that this state of things is intolerable. That, of course, is a great gain, and its consequences are all-important. But it is still better that the laborers themselves have decided that it is intolerable, and are facing all these difficulties and discomforts in order to end it. For the first time since the heroic enterprises of the days of Joseph Arch, revolts have been continually breaking out in the villages. There was the Norfolk strike two or three years ago, which ended badly, but revealed a good deal of pluck and determination. There was the Lancashire strike of last year, which ended with a comparative success, and revealed a spirit of generous fidelity among laborers elsewhere. A few weeks ago a strike broke out in Wiltshire. To-day there are two important struggles in progress. In Essex the laborers are fighting for the right to belong to a union, and in Norfolk they are fighting primarily for a shorter and more compact working day, but it is not unlikely that the strike will soon become a strike for the King's conditions all round.

The situation presents many hopeful features. It is interesting and encouraging that laborers, living under the conditions of the Norfolk laborers, should think a shorter working day an object worth all the risks of such a struggle. When men put a value on their leisure, it means that they put a value on their lives and their independence. At present, the agricultural laborer has no leisure when he wants it, and a great deal of leisure when he would rather not have it. He has no regular holidays, works overtime when he wants to work on his allotment, and in many parts of England is sent to kick his heels about at home or in the public-house when it rains or snows. A man who could take advantage of this kind of spasmodic and disturbing leisure would have reached a very high stage of civilization. He would sit up at night to read Lord Haldane's address on "Truth in History," and prefer the discussion of the Athanasian Creed to the most alluring of cinema shows. Carlyle found a phenomenon full of alarming significance for the upper classes in the career of a Manchester workman, who managed, while starving, in spells of unemployment, to learn most of the languages of Europe; but this erudite artisan became a popular lecturer and a founder of mechanics' institutes. If the agricultural laborer, who has to give all the daylight to his employer for a very deficient wage, and enjoy the wet weather at home at his own expense, could make much of a success of this scheme of life, it is safe to predict that he would make a better farmer than his master. A shorter working day, on the other hand, gives him time for his allotment, and a Saturday half-holiday gives him time for amusement.

Another very satisfactory though not surprising feature is the discontent caused by the improvement of the lot of the King's laborers. As Mr. Charles

Buxton put it in an interview the other day, it is very difficult for a farmer to be a better employer than the farmers of his district. He is regarded as a bad neighbor, and as he moves mainly in farmers' society, he has to mix continually with people who look upon him as unsettling their laborers and reducing their profits. For this reason, it is just as difficult to start a movement among employers for introducing better conditions as it is to start a movement among laborers for demanding them. In this case, the start has been made in a county where the conditions are bad and where there is at the same time a fine and ancient tradition of spirit and manliness among the laborers. Both in Norfolk and Essex there are hopeful signs of success. The history of the struggles of low-paid men and women is strewn with tragedies, so much so that the most passionate critic of industrial conditions must welcome every such strike with mixed feelings, as he counts the price that is paid in the obscure misery of individuals and of families for every victory so won for the human race. What politicians are coming slowly to realize is that every such protest is just as much a protest against the want of care and imagination in the society that permits such conditions to grow up and to persist, as against the selfishness, or thoughtlessness, or false pride of this or that class of employer.

THE PRESIDENT'S STATECRAFT.

In his fine and fearless appeal to the best self of the American people upon the question of the canal dues, President Wilson showed himself to be, not merely a just man, but a great statesman. For the thrill of response to this note of appeal, felt throughout Europe as in America itself, has raised the public policy of America on to a definitely higher level of self-respect. We doubt, however, whether the greatness or the difficulty of Mr. Wilson's proposal has even yet been appreciated at its full value in this country. For an American President, who is by his position not only the chief citizen of a Commonwealth, but the head of a political party, to urge "a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood," on grounds of justice and of generosity, is in itself an act of conspicuous courage. Charges of breach of faith, issuing from Europe, and especially from England, have always stiffened the temper of America and stirred into activity the anti-British feeling always latent in the breast of many patriotic Americans. A public confession of error from such a people is a difficult demand, and to make it in the free and generous spirit of this appeal will doubtless appear to some Americans a needless, to others even a perilous, humiliation. Our own calm assurance that the earlier position was absolutely wrong and entirely indefensible, makes it hard for us to understand this feeling in America. But, though Mr. Wilson had with him from the first the great majority of the wisest and most respected men in his country, irrespective of party, and most of the powerful organs of the Press, it is only fair for us to recognize that the view embodied in the Panama Canal Act was not so obviously and completely unjust and unreasonable as

it appeared to Europeans unfamiliar with the facts of American commercial policy. The language of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, to the effect that the Canal "shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations—on terms of entire equality," is certainly not open to the construction which some Americans were foolish enough to press—viz., that "all nations" meant "all other nations" than America. But the contention that it was open to exclude from the operation of this clause the coastwise traffic which the traditional policy of America, as of most countries, has always reserved as a domestic matter unaffected by foreign treaties, was at least plausible. Indeed, its validity was only destroyed by the largeness and the looseness of the meaning which usage has given to the practice of coastwise traffic in America. When it was manifest that the exemption of this traffic would virtually cover all the trade of America in this part of the world, not merely between American ports, but in South America and the Pacific, the substantial violation of the Treaty was generally recognized. Not only would American shipping enjoy an actual exemption which would assist it in its competition with foreign shipping, but the latter might be saddled with higher rates so as to defray the full costs of the upkeep of the canal.

The actual economic case, as Mr. Wilson evidently understands, is not quite so bad as this. For economists have clearly shown that America could not raise the rates to foreign shipping so high as to recoup the Government for the exemption of domestic shipping without causing a diversion of the trade and a reduction of the Canal revenue. Nevertheless, the substantial injury and the sense of unfairness would have impaired the political and moral prestige of America, at the very time when the necessities of her internal development are launching her as a political and commercial power upon the wider world, and bringing her into continually closer relations with other nations outside her hemisphere. We feel confident that, if Congress responds to the President's appeal, it will strengthen the American people in that part where they have hitherto been weakest and most vacillating, their foreign policy. That weakness has in part been the natural consequence of the measure of isolation and security America enjoyed during the greater part of its formative period, confirmed until quite recent times by what may be termed the negative or privative side of the Monroe Doctrine, which precluded it from pursuing any active or entangling policy outside the larger confines of America. But a graver source of weakness lay in the mis-education of a protective policy, with its implications of an inherent rivalry of nations in wealth and commerce. Here comes the greatest service which Mr. Wilson renders by his message.

As by his tariff policy, so by this high note of moral appeal, he seeks to impart a truer and a nobler spirit into the nationalism of America. That nationalism has in the past, as, indeed, is true of nationalism in Europe, striven first for commercial and moral self-sufficiency, and thought little of any larger co-operation between nations for the development of the resources of the world. Mr. Wilson stands for the finer nationalism which not only admits but demands a fuller

measure of mutual understanding and aid. Peace, free commerce, and a union of peoples for their many common tasks, material and moral, are now realized by thoughtful persons in America, as here, to be the grand foundations, not only for the general advance of civilization, but for a stronger, because a more liberal, nationalism. In the establishment of this sounder nationalism, the feelings and ideals evoked by Mr. Wilson in this message are potent creative forces.

A London Diary.

THE Prime Minister rightly said that no party was likely to receive the new form of the Home Rule Bill with "enthusiasm." But though its objects were not strategical, I am bound to say that it has cleared the situation. It is a much longer step to meet Ulster than the party expected, and it has two serious disadvantages. It veils the great idea of Irish unity, and the consequential amendments may be so complicated that one does not see how even a Conference will find time to debate them, even if the Tory leaders consent to enter it in the absence of a formal agreement. But it has brought some incidental consequences of importance. It has re-united the Cabinet, at one time rather acutely divided, and that is no small advantage in the stiff problems before it. The Moderates in the Cabinet are now at one with the Radicals in feeling that the threatenings of reckless, high-handed action can be met with a firm front, and a clear conviction that if Ulster shoots when she need only vote, she puts herself hopelessly, almost childishly, in the wrong.

THE sweeping character of the concessions was, of course, extremely grateful in a high quarter, especially in view of the fact that having decided to go three parts of the way to meet Ulster, the Cabinet has not stinted its measure of conciliation. Apparently it extended the three years' grace to six because it thought that Ulster should not be rushed, but should be able to plead her cause in Great Britain after a full experience of the working of the Act. If the option goes through, her case will come up, not at the first, but at the second, election. By that time Nationalist Ireland will either have made good her claim in the sight of all men, or her failure will have been equally evident. It is a stern trial for her; but what could be fairer to Ulster?

BUT one point is clear. The Liberal and the Nationalist parties are absolutely agreed that if the concession is to stand it must be final. There can be no sliding down a slippery slope of fresh surrenders, with the break-up of the Coalition at the bottom. For this end the Opposition are, I am afraid, likely to work. They will make all sorts of fresh demands. The first will be Sir Edward Carson's call for absolute and permanent exclusion. Sir Edward wants this Parliament definitely to shut out Ulster, and to force any Liberal Govern-

ment, when it takes up the question of Irish Government again, to pass a new Act. The present Bill does point to a united Ireland. But if permanent exclusion is adopted, it sets up a disunited one, and leaves a future Parliament to begin the task of reconstruction all over again. This will never do. To this the Irishmen will not and ought not to consent; and the Government would have no right to ask them.

FAILING this, there will probably be attempts to extend the option, or to add a fresh option when this one expires. "Be logical," will be the cry. "If you let Ulster stay out because she will fight rather than come in, you must obviously let her keep out till she changes her mind." Already, the tone is that of a victorious general, pressing a half-beaten foe on to a final surrender. This tone has at once been set by Mr. Bonar Law with his debating society smartness, his sour, vituperative tongue, his primitive thinking and glib speaking. Mr. Law probably does not want to settle, or would not know how to go about the work if he did, and his leadership is treated with such open disrespect that his will and his no-will carry about equal weight. The real factor is Sir Edward, and he does desire a settlement—on terms.

BUT settlement or no settlement, the Die-Hards, with Lord Milner as fogleman, are again halloaing the Tory Party on to the steep place down which it fell in 1910. I need not detail their new plans, which, of course, the Government have full in view. They are a little madder than the old. The maddest of them all is to throw out the Army Bill, and dare the Government to go on for a few weeks or days—between April, the date of the rejection of the Army Annual Bill, and late May or early June, that of the passage of the Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bills under the Parliament Act—without a Regular Army.

THE object, of course, will be to force an election before the Home Rule Bill or the Welsh Bill can be turned into Acts, the Government being compelled to go to the country in order to regain the power to move or to pay a soldier. Again, the spirit of the party would, I think, veto any such course. Another pleasing idea is that the Parliament Act can be evaded by constant adjournments of the Home Rule debate. Here the Speaker is to be brought in as an accomplice. He is to be asked to refuse his certificate to a measure whose consideration the Lords had merely postponed, on the ground that the forms of the Parliament Act had not been complied with. No manœuvring is too crude, too tricky, too cynical, for these plots against the peace of the realm. Liberals await their development with satisfaction. They know what the end of them will be.

MEANWHILE, the Irish situation remains, on the Nationalist side, quite firm. Mr. O'Brien's resistance is absolutely discounted. I am sure that the leaders are sincere when they say that they wish the Asquith compromise to succeed, not to fail. Two motives are obviously strong with them. They have always believed that the moment the Bill becomes law, Ulster will begin to come in. She will do so with reluctance and mis-

giving, but she will not stand exclusion. Even Armagh is by no means so clear for it as one might imagine, always supposing that the Bill gets into operation. The second is that the Nationalist leaders are confident that they can win industrial Ulster in the end by merely showing her where her interest lies. The new Bill at least lays them under heavy bond to be of good behavior, and puts extremists of all sorts in chains to the moderates, who, after all, predominate. It is this centripetal force on which the prudent heads of Nationalism count.

DIFFERENCES among the prophets as to the probable duration of this Parliament were to be expected, but it is rather surprising that there should be a confusion of testimony concerning its possible duration. By the Septennial Act (which on this point governs the Parliament Act) it is provided that the period is to be counted from the day on which, by the writ of summons, the new Parliament is appointed to meet. Consequently, as the present Parliament did not meet till the end of January, 1911, it would seem, as a matter of strict interpretation, to have a right to prolong its life till the same month in 1916. Yet, in his speech of Monday, Mr. Asquith—who certainly ought to know—fixed the latest possible date some months earlier, and this, oddly enough, though it would have strengthened his argument at the moment to have stuck more closely to the stricter reading.

ONE hears with mixed feelings the news of the long-contemplated change in the price of the "Times." The "Times" at a penny!—the "Times" of Sterling, Delane, and the second and third Walters, the good old haughty, brutal, self-sufficient, superior, *noli-me-tangere* "Times"! I suppose it is no use standing on a tottering pinnacle; and Lord Northcliffe—whose weakness is not a passionate regard for tradition—judges that the time has come to swoop down on the field of penny London journalism, fluttering some ancient doves in his path. The question is whether he will create a new circulation, or simply divert so many thousand readers from his three existing rivals. It is, of course, a tough problem. The reduction in price from threepence to a penny—supposing the old circulation to have been 30,000—would mean a loss of about £75,000 a year. Some of this has been made up, no doubt, by the rise in circulation which followed the reign of the twopenny "Times"; but now, of course, an immense new public is wanted. His problem now is how to produce a first-rate penny paper which shall not be a strictly party organ. Will the "Times" keep up its old super-excellence in this respect? Already it has let the "Manchester Guardian" race ahead of it in its Parliamentary reports as well as in the power and freshness of its political writing. Will it also become an ordinary Tory paper, and thus tempt the "Guardian" to London? I am told that the extra cost of a London issue would be about £20,000 a year, a trifle in the economics of a great daily newspaper.

AN eminent authority sends me the following reflections on the early historical development of the conscriptionist movement:—

"Compulsory military service in all the countries in which it is in existence is the direct lineal descendant

of the French conscription devised by the Jacobins, and, if there is one man more than another to whom its parentage can be assigned, that man is Marshal Jourdan, in the days when he was a prominent Jacobin.

In its early days—whenever adopted—the compulsory system was frankly regarded as a deplorable necessity. Now it is said to have great intrinsic merits. It was not until after 1870 that compulsion was found to be so admirable a thing in itself. The great soldiers of former times had the highest opinion of voluntarily enlisted soldiers. None of them held this opinion—as shown by his action—more strongly than Frederick the Great. The earlier histories of the War of Liberation—written sometimes by men who had been actually engaged in the war, or who, at any rate, wrote while many who had taken part in it were still living—these histories are filled with admiration of the work done by those who served voluntarily. Anyone who can remember the German picture galleries of forty or fifty years ago will hardly have forgotten the prominent position of pictures representing the assembling and proceedings of the Volunteers of 1813. The principal glory of the War of Liberation was considered to be that it was largely the work of Volunteers.

"The remarkable change in sentiment, occurring first in Germany and then spreading to other countries, is largely due to Treitschke and historians of his school: and it is interesting to note that Treitschke's laudation of conscription or compulsory military service was not due to any merit as a military measure that he saw in it, but to his belief in its efficacy as a political arrangement for unifying Germany, in making Prussians, Bavarians, Wurtembergers, &c., acquainted with each other, and in persuading them that they had a common cause. The Prussian military caste seized upon this, and did its best to raise conscription to the level of a sacred dogma."

A WAYFARER.

THE "LOYALIST" REBELLION.

I.

BELFAST, MARCH 11TH, 1914.

I was listening yesterday to the founder and head of one of the greatest engineering works here, a violent Unionist, on what he considers economic grounds. He expressed the utmost hatred and contempt for the other three provinces on account of their "damned laziness," the proof of which was their failure to establish such large "industrial concerns" as he has established here. Like many others, he is also terrified of Home Rule, because he is convinced that the first step of a Dublin Parliament will be deliberately to reduce Belfast to ruin by the imposition of immense excise duties which would make the manufacture of linen, ships, and machinery impossible, and leave the city as a rotting scrap-heap of vanished prosperity. "Our prosperity—our ruined prosperity!" is among the commonest cries of distressful protest that one hears. In many circles, it is commoner even than the appeal to "The Faith of our Fathers."

But more significant than his own apprehensions of commercial doom was a story he told me of a workman who said to him, "I don't like the look of things at all, sir. It seems as if there was going to be a settlement!" That is, in fact, the general attitude. Some of the leading Unionists, especially the financiers, explain that they would reluctantly yield to a majority by General Election or Referendum. Others say they would reluctantly agree to complete and eternal exclusion of the whole province. They see both the risk and the absurdity of a "loyalist rebellion," and would be glad enough to climb out of it if they could contrive to do so within the meaning of the blessed Covenant, which has almost taken a place beside the "Word of God." (One of the leading Protestant divines, when asked his opinion of the Prime Minister's proposal yesterday, considered it sufficient reply to say, "Our Covenant was made not to be broken but to be kept.") Many would still like to find a way out, but I believe the great majority of the "Ulster Loyalists" in

their hearts would agree with that workman: whenever there is a chance of settlement, they do not like the look of things.

EXCLUSION BY OPTION.

That is why Mr. Asquith's proposals have been received here with howls of execration. Sir Edward Carson's phrase about sentence of death with a stay of execution for six years is popular, and that trusty old "sword of Damocles" has come into action again. But here we can give both Sir Edward and Damocles points, and beat them. Our characteristic turn of oratory is the indignant question, "Are we to be kept for six years roasting over hell-fire and then drop't spluttering into it? Never, never shall it be!" And that scorn of settlement is again, I suppose, the reason why hardly a word is said of Sir Edward Carson's offer to submit the exclusion by county option to the Convention if only the time-limit is removed and the future inclusion be left to the Imperial Parliament. A mere spectator might regard this offer as coming very near to the Prime Minister's own proposal. I myself, being, like most people, averse from rebellion, unless some high principle is at stake, cannot believe that the difference between the two is sufficient ground for civil war, or even for riot. But then one has to put oneself in the position of the "loyalist" rebels. One has to remember how small a part reason plays in all passionate conviction. Backed by Sir Edward's prestige, his suggestion might possibly carry the Convention, but the assent would be reluctant and half-hearted. The majority of the "loyalists" do not want a settlement. Of all the prominent Ulster Unionists whose opinions are quoted this morning, Dr. Bingham, Moderator-elect of the General Assembly, alone speaks of Mr. Asquith's proposals as a possible basis of compromise, and hopes that "something acceptable to all may yet be hammered out by negotiation."

THE ULSTER MIND.

To understand the prevailing mood, an Englishman has to put himself back to the state of mind prevailing in his own country about fifty years ago—say, in the mid-Victorian period of 1865. First, as to the common plea about industry and commerce, he finds to his astonishment that the great employers here are still the devoted disciples of the old Manchester School. Here the doctrine of "laissez-faire" and individual enterprise with individual rewards still lingers like the last rose of summer—the last rose, except that all its lovely companions of "free competition" and "unrestricted labor" still bloom around it. Self-made millionaires still brag of the humble origin from which their money sprang, and regard their pecuniary success as an emblem of moral superiority, besides being one of the conclusive evidences of the advantage of Protestantism. Last Sunday a fervid Ulsterman drew my attention to the number of electric trams that start at regular intervals from "the Junction" as a proof of God's favor and Ulster grit, both of which would rapidly disappear under a Dublin Parliament. Prosperity, comfort, and mechanical arrangements for manufacture, locomotion, and sewage are esteemed infallible proofs of character and intelligence, and from the comparative poverty of the other provinces, their comparative idleness, incapacity, or vice is confidently argued. The man who has made his fortune is the man to be admired, not only for his motor and the big house he inhabits down the shores of the Lough, but for the sake of the hundreds of hands he employs—his sanctified implements for good so long as they do their duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call them. Last week one of the deputations, lately brought over from England and Scotland to study the Ulster question, was here. Under the communicative effects of Irish hospitality, they poured their fluid impressions out upon me. I found they had been specially shown the dirt and misery of the Dublin slums, and, among pleasanter things, had swallowed outrageous calumnies about Dublin's youthful depravity. In contrast, the streets and splendors of Belfast were now displayed before their agricultural eyes, and they were

called on to decide which was the better—the Ulsterman or the Nationalist, the Union or Home Rule. There could be no hesitation about the answer.

THE TRADITIONS OF FAITH.

To understand the religious attitude also, the Englishman must throw his imagination back into a bygone age. For myself it is easier than for younger men, because I was brought up in sternly Evangelical circles, where every Roman Catholic was regarded as a brand meet for the burning, and hardly likely to escape his natural doom. From a Papist no virtue of any kind was to be expected. The wonder was that Divine Providence allowed such people to survive, and it was quite certain that if once they regained political power they would martyr all good Protestants at the stake. So I feel quite at home here when on Sundays I hear the Catholics denounced under the similitude of the Amalekites, Hittites, Jebuzites, and other prehistoric inhabitants of Palestine. It recalls my unhappy boyhood to hear the grim, black figure in the high pulpit thundering the execrations of Hebrew prophets against the ungodly, of whose identity no one doubts. It is like old times to watch the audience sitting spellbound under the combined enchantments of self-righteousness and hate. But for the ordinary Englishman of to-day, whose sense of history is a little cultivated, and whose knowledge of the Bible does not end with the Old Testament, it must be hard to realize how intense the feeling of difference within the Christian religion may become, and with what apprehension, as well as hostility, it may pervade the whole of life.

THE UNDERLYING CAUSES OF REBELLION.

So it is that, in the words of a "Times" correspondent, the Ulster Protestants (standing to the Catholics in a proportion of about four to three) seem by signing the Carson Covenant to "enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Deity." To quote again from the Protestant ministers, one of them said yesterday that "Time and the Most High will vindicate our action." Add to this consciousness of superiority in religion and industry an old tradition of race-ascendancy, steadily supported for generations by the English Government and the English garrison, and dating from times when "the mere Irish" were little better than savages to be shot at sight, and then one may begin to understand the deep-seated passion in which, as I said, reason plays so small a part. The under-current of Ulster's opposition to Home Rule is a contempt for the Irish people—a contempt which is now nowhere to be found outside Ireland. It is this contempt that drives the "Loyalists" to talk of rebellion and openly to prepare for it. They are quite conscious of the anomaly. After regarding the Nationalists as perennial rebels for many generations, they are now converted into the rebel party themselves, and they cannot get used to the situation. They cannot imagine it. "We shall march under the Union Jack," they cry. "We shall chant 'God save the King.' Shall we be attacked by troops who march under the Union Jack and chant 'God save the King' like ourselves?"

Certainly, the situation is perverse, and everyone must wish to agree with the Catholic and Protestant Home Rulers that the preparations for rebellion are mostly bluff—mere means of bringing pressure upon the Government to drop the Bill and cry "As you were!" On the Unionist side, one hears the frequent belief that English troops will not fire upon them when it comes to the point. One also hears the peculiar argument that surely the English Government could not be so cruel as to allow rebellion to go so far without objection if they only meant to stamp it down in the end. But among the rank-and-file there is something more than bluff in the movement. I have seen a good deal of the drilling here, and will describe it in my next letter when I have seen more in the country districts. In part, the "Loyalist" rebellion may be bluff, but behind it all there is a mixed passion of old contempt, old ignorance, and old belief in a racial superiority of religion and intelligence. Out of that passion arises the desire to fight—to strike a blow at the enemy who threatens the accepted position of

ascendancy. And so it comes about that, when there is a chance of settlement, the Protestant workman here says he does not like the look of things.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Life and Letters.

HUMANITY AND LAW.

"At what rate per cent. per annum does wrong become right?" The question was Herbert Spencer's, for that disciplined mind was never so precise or so formal as when it was stirred to intellectual anger. If there is in ordered societies an odd movement by which injustice is sanctioned by time and consecrated by usage, there is a contrary process by which the customary wrongs of one generation become a burning sore on the conscience of the next. But at what rate does the process move, and by what calculus do politicians measure the change in public opinion? There are rough measures available when a question comes within the scope of party warfare and controversy. It begins to turn votes; it plays a part at by-elections, or at the lowest it inspires resolutions from meetings which cumber the post-bags of Ministerial departments. "Go on as you are doing," said an ancient permanent official to the writer, who was talking to him about the brutalities in Macedonia, which at that time averaged one hundred murders monthly. "Go on," he said, and, as he spoke, his white hairs and senile decorum seemed to incarnate the obstruction of time and the deafness of prosperity, "we keep a register at the Foreign Office, and every now and then we count the resolutions." Some sort of equation has been worked out by generations of experienced bureaucrats; so many resolutions will extort a blue-book, a few more may be worth a sentence in the Guildhall speech; a given number of tons of paper may produce action. Democracy has its automatic machinery; a slot is open for your resolutions, and when the weight is adequate, something will tumble out of its reservoir. It seems to be the law of politicians that each generation shall legislate for the last. The sons, wearied and disillusioned, do without joy what the fathers demanded with passion. But the rate per cent. per annum is lower still when we attempt to legislate to check the sufferings of the beasts.

It may have been Sir Isaac Newton who was the first to draw attention to the wanton cruelties of the slaughter-house and the kitchen—or was some still more venerable patriarch before him?—yet in our day Mr. Galsworthy must agitate against the same brutalities. William Blake said that a captive linnet in a cage "puts all Heaven in a rage"; we have waited a century for any effective anger on earth against cruelty to caged birds. The things which we want for the animals to-day were the commonplaces of the table-talk in the circle of Shelley and Leigh Hunt, and even in the earlier generation of Holcroft and Mary Wollstonecraft. The movement of opinion is none the less palpable and evident. The demands which were made ten years ago only by "humanitarian" societies, and were a part of the creed of "advanced" people and Radical newspapers, are now adopted and "run" by the more popular Conservative organs. The particular things on which Mr. Galsworthy has chiefly insisted have long ago ceased to be the peculiar views of people who have courage to stand in a minority and to brave the charge of "faddism." They are to-day among the aspirations of the "compact majority" which wants no fundamental changes in life, the comfortable middle-class whose thoughts move timidly within the trammels of an intellectual hobbled skirt. They none of them involve big changes in social habits, and yet they extend to a fairly long list, and would sweep away a great volume of avoidable cruelty. The list includes certainly the prohibition of the import of the plumage of wild birds, the effective ending of the traffic in worn-out horses, the uniform adoption of a system of humane killing in slaughter-houses, protection for caged birds, and, we should add, the recognition that

a tight bearing-rein comes within the legal definition of cruelty, and, finally, that if public amusements are to be censored, the obvious thing to prohibit is the exhibition of performing animals. All of these reforms, we should say for our part, are long overdue. Any Government in our generation might safely and easily have dealt with them.

It is not, one hopes, unduly optimistic to assume that on one of these reforms at least we may reckon this session. Mr. Hobhouse's Bill to prohibit the import of the plumage of wild birds was introduced last year as a Government measure; one asks that after its re-introduction last week it shall be pressed, this time, through all its stages. The opposition to it comes entirely from the trade concerned. It is a minute interest, for while the actual merchants in these barbarous ornaments may suffer, the workpeople who handle the plumes and wings can turn such skill as their ill-paid and none-too-healthy handicraft requires, to the making of innocent substitutes. There is nothing to fear for this Bill, save a surrender due to ignorance. The offers of the "trade" to suppress by voluntary agreement the importation of certain specified kinds of plumage can look specious only to those who are ignorant of its details. The kind of egret, for example, with which the trade will be pleased to dispense, turns out to be a species which has little value or attraction as an ornament. The Australian birds, whose unfamiliar names swelled their list, are already safe, for the Commonwealth has forbidden their export. One has only to detect such a fraud as this, to set one's face against any thought of compromise. The case against the wearing of this imported plumage is not, after all, dependent on the question whether any particular species is in danger of extermination. It is an aggravation of cruelty that it threatens to deprive the world of whole races of beautiful creatures.

But the real offence at which the normal mind revolts, is not the destruction of the race, but the cruelty to the individual bird. The woman who wears the nuptial feathers of the egret in her hat has offended because she has wantonly caused the loss of one happy and innocent life, and doomed the offspring of the parent bird to die of starvation in the abandoned nest. It is that record which her neighbors read in her hat, as clearly as though it were a printed legend. The offence would be no less gross if we were assured that somewhere else a large number of unmolested egrets were breeding in safety. The albatross wing in a fashionable hat means on some island of the Pacific that the bird which the genius of Coleridge ought to have rendered sacred to every English ear has been tortured before death and massacred in tens of thousands. The disgusting fact would not be mitigated by an assurance that on some other island it bred safely. It is likely enough that prohibition, first in the United States and presently in our own country, may increase the supply which goes to France. Already one sees in Paris an ominous profusion of plumes, and women deck themselves with hats which have lost all pretence to grace, and only brag of a prodigality in slaughter. But this excess is the beginning of the end. A restricted market has brought about a fall in prices, and diminished prices must mean before long a decline in the supply. What America did yesterday and England does to-day, will be imitated in France to-morrow.

It is, on the whole, surprising that any pressure should be necessary to secure humane laws on behalf of horses. It is "good form" in England to care about horses, and the man who has no instinct of his own for the creature which is the companion of an Englishman's sports, affects it from a salutary snobbishness. The owner of horses who has any taste has long ago abandoned the cruel amputation known as "docking," and that device of a vulgar smartness, the tight bearing-reign. It is the hired horse of the livery stables or the drudge of the funeral hearse which suffers most to-day from the gag-rein. The coachman, as a rule, is forced to use the thing by an employer more ignorant than himself, and the veterinary profession has long been virtually unanimous in condemning it. Here, if

anywhere, instructed opinion is ripe for legislation. The case for stopping the export of worn-out horses for conversion into Belgian sausages is even clearer. The steps already taken have been ineffective, though they may have lessened the scandal. But the report of the Board of Agriculture shows that the inspection has been perfunctory; the horses still die on the voyage, still arrive in such a state that they must be slaughtered on the quays, and still make their dreadful, pitiable last journey along the Belgian roads, starved and lame, under a rain of blows. The simple way of stopping this revolting traffic is to prohibit the export of any horse worth less than £10, and this, it is said, the Board of Agriculture is now prepared to do. We suspect no reluctance in Mr. Runciman—effective action would, indeed, make any Minister deservedly popular. "Animals," as a Belgian Senator said the other day in an attack on this traffic, "have no votes." But we have a firm belief that a Government which set itself to deal with such questions as these, and deliberately resolved to bring the law into closer relation with public opinion, would find its reward in this country. To many men and women the test of any change is whether it will reduce the sum of preventable misery. Hold fast to that test, and many a noisy controversy will leave you indifferent. But there is no doubt about any Bill which diminishes animal suffering.

THE SOULS OF PLACES.

THE lady who writes under the name of "Vernon Lee" may fitly be described as the poet of the genius of places. In her latest volume, "The Tower of the Mirrors" (published by John Lane), we recognize a sketch entitled "The Treasure of Venzone," which we remember reading with great delight when it appeared some years ago in the "Westminster Gazette." It is typical of her work in this kind, and of the sketches of which the volume is composed. We quote a few sentences:—

"I had been to Venzone, whose existence I had not hitherto suspected, on a burning August day some years ago, and had brought back an impression, above all of the strange transparency as of jasper or amethyst of the bare rocks in the fierce mid-day heat, their sharp edges luminous against the burning sky. And under this marvellous pallor made of light, I remembered the little Piazza of Venzone, on one side the Palazzo Pubblico, colonnaded and loggia'd and staircased, with its Lion of St. Mark; on the other, a charming Venetian Gothic house, with a dishevelled vine. . . . I remembered also the church of smooth grey stone, delicate lilac in that light, lifting its high belfry, and the saints and angels of its gables, into that fiery, blue sky, against that crystalline, glittering amethyst of mountains. It stood, I remember, with the delightful quality of perfect unity and utter solitude, at the end of the village-like little town, close against the vine-covered city walls, with only grass and orchard around."

Now, this is just the kind of place the present writer likes. To come upon such places in that happy, central zone where Germany melts into Italy, is like entering another world. We have just such a place in our mind's eye, the wide, empty, sunny piazza, the blue air above alive with swallows, the great hills just beyond covered with the last German pines, the utterly contented people going about their cheerful businesses, the vendor of small birds crying his wares, the chairmender singing at his work in the open air on the cobble-stones before his door. It seems there is a "treasure" in the Church at Venzone. The name itself is a jewel, with its Venetian "v" and "z," like two soft liquid stones set in pure gold. "No one comes to Venzone," lamented the sacristan to "Vernon Lee," when she went there the first time. When she revisited it, five years later, he immediately recognized her, and "No one ever comes to Venzone," he said again. "And if any should come in the future," she adds, "I believe that this third traveller, this third seeker after the Treasure of Venzone, will again be myself." No;

we are very much disposed to think that the third visitor to Venzone will be the writer of these lines.

The soul of a place is in its ripeness, its mellowness, the sense of the continuity of human life that it gives one; in one word, in its age. As we write, we lay down our pen for a moment and take up a daily newspaper. Our eye lights on an account of a tortoise in the Zoo who has lived six hundred years, and who has just given the first sign of spring by turning in his winter's sleep. He has lived, one may say, through English history. He may have been brought here by a Crusader from the East, or by one of those Southern ladies who came from Guienne or Aquitaine to be Queens of England. The first language he heard spoken in England may have been Norman French. He remembers Piers Gaveston and Wat Tyler, and, in their prison castles, how many English Kings! Through his happy summers and sleeping winters the human generations, one after another, have vanished, like the white late autumn mists upon the night Queen Mary died. In the presence of this venerable creature, the old unhappy things are no longer scenes of long ago; they are still with us. To have a soul, a place must be at least as old as this tortoise. Its market place must have hummed and tinkled with human life on one same day of every week for at least six hundred years.

The poet speaks of the "old things" as being, as a matter of course, "unhappy," and, in fact, how often the scenes of one's pleasant autumn wanderings have been the setting of ghastly tragedies! Think, for instance, amid the green umbrellas of a French market-place, in the blazing August sunshine, of the agony of that one moment in the midst of the *secula seculorum*, when before a gaping crowd of eager sight-seers in that same square, some poor wretch was broken upon the wheel. But, after all, these lurid incidents are lost in an age-long joy of living. The coming and going of the crowds of white-capped women, the cheery bustle of market-day, the babble of shrill voices, the marvels told by medicine vendors and mountebanks, the cheapening of cheeses, the rattle of spits and frying-pans in the kitchen of the *Hostellerie du Bon Larron*, it all went on so in the days of Louis Onze, before the Huguenots disturbed the world!

We remember as a boy being greatly impressed by a poem lamenting the vanished holy well of St. Clement Danes:—

"The dust and rubble of to-day
Covers the shrines of yesterday
As old and worthless things."

So we fear it is with the old, dreaming, haunting, spell-bound places; they are being buried by the vulgar, insistent Present; one cannot hear the voices of the Past for the noise of trains and trams and motors. What would Heine have made, for instance, or Hans Andersen, of the present Prussianized Germany? Europe seems in danger of losing its soul. But "Vernon Lee's" book shows us how much of Europe is still unspoiled.

We ourselves know and love many such places all about Europe, steeped in the charm and romance of the Past. Our first love was the country of the Seine, and the Cathedrals and market-towns of Normandy and Northern France. Our first irrecoverable rapture was on turning from the Street of the Big Clock at Rouen, and coming upon the Cathedral front with its luxuriant blossoming of mouldering imagery, seen one June morning in the blue radiance of the gloriously gilded day. We recall on that same journey our enchantment at Lisieux—the church, the old houses, the inn, the market-square—but all this was thirty years ago. The religious soul of Bruges is in her chimes, and in the works of that holy and humble man of heart, Hans Memling, in the *Hôpital de Saint-Jean*. The soul of Brittany again is in her Calvaries and Churches and pilgrimage Chapels. The most beautiful and romantic spot we have ever seen, at any rate, in its own Celtic way, is the Chapel of Ste-Parbe, the scene of a great Pardon, near Le Faouët.

But there are humanist moods, in which the little towns of Holland appeal to one as strongly, just as one turns from a skylark's soaring flight and Angela of Foligno ecstasy to the merely earthly contemplations of

a fat thrush comfortably picking up juicy worms from the April grass. In Pieter van der Hoogh's pictures one can see the soul of seventeenth-century Holland, and of its little towns with their domestic churches and succulent inns, settling down after all their fierce storms into a comfortable mundane tranquillity of snowy linen and capacious beds, of fine glass and china, of parrots and spices, of tulips and liqueurs. How Pieter van der Hoogh painted, by the way, the feathers in a man's hat, the fur on a lady's sleeves! The Dutch pictures of the seventeenth century no less than the Flemish ones of three hundred years before show the leisure for delight and the capability of it.

Then, again, there is the soul of Italian hill-towns, the gay, careless poverty, the ragged blitheness of Umbria and the Veneto. We found ourselves last September at Luino, on Lake Maggiore. The town itself is a thing of shreds and tatters. Curious fragments of things to eat hang up in the shops. The inhabitants in their patched clothes have a Franciscan air; a certain cheerful acceptance of poverty, a smiling defiance of circumstance. On the old houses here and there are the sixteenth-century frescoes—the Trinities and Annunciations and Flights into Egypt. We asked the youthful waiter who brought us the *fegato alla Veneta* what there was to see at Luino, and received the radiant answer, "Niente—c'è il Lago." We tried to buy a novel of Fogazzaro's, but were told that such books cost five lire, and no one could buy them at Luino; "son poveri." We think they do just as well with dream books and books of prayers. All the inhabitants seemed contented, not least an old gentleman in his shirt sleeves, sitting on a tumble-down wooden balcony amid bird cages and pots of carnations, reading a faded old yellow newspaper.

For ourselves, we do not know which soul pleases us most, the soul of smiling prosperity at Amboise, of light-hearted poverty at Luino, of well-fed tranquillity at Haarlem, of mystic fervor at Le Faouët, or hum-drum pleasantness in the little towns on the Seine.

IF THERE WERE NO BEES.

A COMMITTEE of local bee-keepers held anxious conference concerning the approach of Isle of Wight disease. Our apiaries are in the centre of a circle that is narrowing at an alarming rate. In the south a row of seventeen stocks was swept away in a single week; in the north our expert has seen a field of crawling bees, and from east and west equally bad news comes. We are like the Senate of Rome, hourly receiving worse tidings till the cheek-blanching climax comes:—

"Aster has stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain."

We listened to someone from a neighboring county that has been swept clean of bees. He has watched it with the eye of a war correspondent, and also spored the devastating microbe with a microscope. There are bacteria on the dead leaves in the field, in the soil, and on the grass blades. He found them in the stream two miles below an infected apiary, and has not the least doubt that the wind can carry them. No drug has been discovered that will help the hive that has been attacked; it may brood the disease for days, for months, or for years, and then inevitably perish, scattering the spores once more broadcast.

We had met to devise a system of quarantine or destruction to beat back the narrowing circle, but in the face of this evidence of the microscope, what could be thought of? One of us, who is a Quaker, after some glum minutes, opened his mouth, and said that as it was evident that our Creator intended us to have fruit, and that bees were necessary for the fertilizing of blossoms, He would in His own good time put an end to this visitation. Another, who is a clergyman, scoffed at "those silly people" who suppose the Isle of Wight disease to be a judgment. It could not be supposed that this country was more in need of a judgment than America, and there was no Isle of Wight disease there. Soothing as these words were to our national pride, it

cannot be said that the theological telescope gave us much more room for hope than the secular microscope.

The subject bristles with points, of which, to a mind that knows nothing of the rules of theological thought, the theological seems the more enticing. A judgment, we suppose, would be fitted to an offence. Wales would not be punished for disestablishing a minority church, through her bees, but a bee punishment would be meted out for a bee offence. If we had scandalously overworked our bees, we might, by lowering their vitality, subject them to an inherent malady, and give it the power to destroy them. The bees of Britain, however, are beyond comparison less overworked than the bees of America. Wherefore, etc., Q.E.D. But the untrammelled theologian could not leave the subject without wondering whether the bees themselves might not call down Divine punishment by their own offences. Even the flowers may be guilty of some scandal that is best punished by depriving them of their bees.

Fascinating as such speculations might be to the fanciful inquirer (for they hold out little hope of any *a posteriori* evidence), they must not be pursued here. We can only ask ourselves a little what might happen if *microsporidiosis* were to get altogether the upper hand of the bee. The present attack has been running in our country for seven years, and is well on foot for a further devastating march in this the eighth summer. Where it passes, it does not always at the first attack wipe out quite all the stocks, but often those that seem to have escaped show later that they were only incubating the disease at a more leisurely rate. Sometimes a new stock may be started on the same ground the next year, and take no immediate harm, at other times, the disease may be found there after a rest of three years. Now and then the country as a whole reports that its virulence is obviously decreasing, again the cry will come that it is being redoubled. It is at least a very powerful enemy, congener to that which nearly destroyed the far more easily protected silkworm, and it may not cease its ravages until the bee has become a comparatively rare insect. Not only the hive bee, but the wild bees, and even the wasps are susceptible.

It is a commonplace of botany that many flowers are dependent on bees for their fertilization. Some, such as the willows, growing male blossoms on one tree and female on another, would seem to be utterly dependent on the bee or some other flying insect. Still, they have not advanced very far beyond the poplars, of which the wind carries the lighter pollen from one tree to another. If the willows were left to themselves, they might soon revert to a wind-fertilized condition. Their "palm" would not stand out above other catkins by their fragrance and beauty. Man would deplore their new form as much as the ghosts of the departed bees, and, like them, would regard it as a degeneration. Yet the poplar is, on the whole, a nobler tree than the goat-willow.

If we search the flowers of the field, those that have not only male and female blossoms on one plant, but stamens and stigma in the same flower, we find that nearly every conspicuous example has some contrivance for shielding its stigma from its own pollen, and attracting messengers to bring pollen from a stranger plant. The giddy fly will bring a daisy the dust of a dandelion, or even of a fungus as readily as the only pollen that it needs. The humble bee is almost as aggravatingly catholic. The hive bee alone is almost entirely faithful to a single species at a time, and thus always does its work as the plant desires. The removal of the hive bee alone, though its place should be filled by an enormous increase in the numbers of humble bees, might cause a great falling-off in the cross-fertilization of blossoms, and thus in the vigor and beauty of our flora.

Though we can soon find a thousand species that have been adapted preferentially for cross-fertilization, but few of that number will be peremptorily so adapted. The gooseberry is a seasonable example of the policy of cross-fertilization if possible, but, failing that, self-fertilization. For a short time the stamens are open, and in that time their pollen may be swept away by the bees' first visit. Then the stigma becomes ready for the pollen of earlier blossoms to be brought to it. If no bee

comes at all, the stamens may fertilize their own stigma, though experiments seem to have shown that self-fertilization produces not only less effective blossom, but not effective at all. Nevertheless, it is not unlikely that if the bee became extinct, these blossoms that are only preferentially in favor of cross-fertilization would shortly become frankly self-fertilized. The beautiful petals that rejoice us so much, and especially the blues and purples that the bees like best, and the sweet scents that still more bring heaven upon earth, would disappear, or be replaced by hue and odors of decayed carrion for the attraction of flies. A Judgment that removed the sun from the sky would be almost as bearable as one that was visited so heavily upon the flower.

If the wild flowers and the dry-seeded plants seem to make of the bee a luxury and not a necessity, and not to have gone so far in the direction of bee-fertilization but that they can still turn back, yet many fruits wrought to a high state of specialization by man are doomed to extinction or immense retrogression in a bee-less world. The horticulturist is often unaware of the fact; he even denies it, and asserts that the bees are his enemies, yet the fact is that a hive in his garden would often be worth many bags of superphosphate as an investment in fruit. Certain experiments with gooseberries, red currants, apples, and plums, of which the results are before us, make the matter very clear. In addition, some of our choicest varieties are sterile to their own pollen, whether from another or the same stock. Unless the amber-heart cherry is interlaced with some other variety (and unless no bee is kind to it), there will be no fruit. It is so with Cox's orange pippin, by many considered our best apple, with Rivers's early plum, and with many other delicacies. It is told, probably by Kropotkin, how in Normandy the damsels christen a certain kind of apple by beating it with blossomed branches from another tree, and that there is no fruit if the ceremony is omitted. Such a prospect is not without charm, but we hope we shall keep our bees.

Art.

TWO VIEWS OF THE LONDON GROUP.

I.—By ROGER FRY.

THE London Group is a new body. It has just opened its first exhibition at the Goupil Gallery. Its natural history is curious. And first it must be noted of the natural history of almost all artist groups that, like the protozoa, they are fissiparous and breed by division. They show their vitality by the frequency with which they split up. The London Group is in part the result of such a vital process. But there is also a phenomenon known to men of science as symbiosis by which is denoted the coming together for the needs of life of two quite separate organisms, which give each other mutual support in an unkindly world. The London Group is an interesting case of this, for it includes two quite distinct organisms, the old Camden Town group of neo-Realists and other followers of Sickert and the newly-formed Futurist-Cubist group, who have already found the parent envelope of Post-Impressionism too irksome. Perhaps this is as good a way of organizing an exhibition as another, and since the two groups dwell together to satisfy common needs, and not because of any artistic agreement, there is no reason why they should split up. To the public, however, it is possible that the collocation of pictures of such entirely different aim may be puzzling.

Of the Camden Town half of the new compound it is not necessary to speak; we all know how admirably solid and well-grounded their painting is, and how little they endeavor to break new ground. Mr. Gore has never done more to my liking than in his delicately atmospheric canal. Mr. Ratcliffe, who showed an admirable interior lately at the Little Gallery, seems in what he shows here to have caught the infection of dirty violet monochrome, which so often obscures the atmosphere of Camden Town; but he is a talented artist.

The chief interest, for me at all events, lies in the other group. This shows most happily that the fermenting process of the new ideas of Post-Impressionism is still going on—that no particular formula or receipt is going to be stereotyped. Mr. Adeney, for instance, is using the Friesz-Marchand version of Cézanne's art, slightly dosed with Cubism, and it has set free in him a very genuine and personal feeling for Nature, enabled him to express his delicately contemplative attitude with a force and directness that would never have emerged through the older formule, where masterly control of representation was a *sine qua non*, for Mr. Adeney is much more marked by the sincerity and delicacy of his feeling than by any pretensions to technical skill.

Mr. and Miss Etchells carry simplification a step further. Mr. Nevinson adopts the orthodox Cubist methods with something of the Futurist ideas of illustration. Mr. Lewis, who, I believe, calls himself a Futurist, is, in the designs he shows here, working out combinations of forms which are nearly as abstract as Picasso's; finally, Mr. Bomberg is developing a quite distinct type of abstract design.

This great variety of direction is indeed a most satisfactory and encouraging sign. It shows that the general idea of the new movement is capable of indefinite expansion in different directions. I know that the scoffer will say that when once you have thrown likeness to Nature away there is nothing to prevent anyone inventing any number of freak patterns, so long as the artist cares about nothing else than to shock the public with some novel monstrosity. As a matter of fact, even assuming such unscrupulous self-advertisement on the artist's part, it is very difficult to invent any new kind of design that hangs together at all, and mere incoherence would never succeed even in arresting attention.

It is quite easy to pick out among these artists those who have some original quality, and those who are merely working by receipt, the adherents of a new academicism. Mr. Nevinson, for instance, who is extremely able, and has considerable technical skill, seems to me entirely academic—which, by the way, is not by any means the worst thing that can be said of an artist. He takes over a formula ready-made and exploits it. His "Non-Stop" is almost a copy of a work by Severini. Like so many of the Cubists, like nearly all the Futurists, he shows little power of interpreting the forms he takes from Nature; his ingenuity comes in in the way he jumbles the jig-saw picture. Mr. Wadsworth, again, seems to me to work by receipt, and to add nothing of his own except a rather heavy, blatant color which his models would have avoided.

But here, I think, the list of merely derivative workers would end. Mr. Adeney has a genuine feeling which he expresses with courageous simplicity and disregard as to whether his picture has the kind of accomplishment which begets admiration. Mr. Lewis's originality is very different. He is by nature highly gifted, and by training highly accomplished, so that whatever he does has a certain finality and completeness. In front of his abstract designs one has to admit their close consistency, the clear and definite organizing power that lies behind them. But it is rather the admission at the end of a piece of close reasoning than the delighted acceptance of a revealed truth. He makes us admit his power; he does not invite us to feel as he felt. So that one wonders what, after all, it was that he felt, unless, indeed, it was mainly the consciousness of his own exceptional ability, and that is likely always to interest him more than the spectator.

Of Mr. Bomberg it would be rash to prophesy as yet, but this much may be said, that he has the ambition, the energy, and brain power to strike out a line of his own. He is evidently trying with immense energy and concentration to realize a new kind of plasticity. In his colossal patch-work design, there glimmers through a dazzling veil of black squares and triangles the suggestion of large volumes and movements. I cannot say that it touched or pleased me, but it did indicate new plastic possibilities, and a new kind of orchestration of color. It clearly might become something, if it is, as I suspect, more than mere ingenuity. In one of his drawings, the purpose

becomes clearer; this has a new and to me rather exciting plastic quality. Mr. and Miss Etchells seem to me the two artists of the group that have the most definite artistic sensibility; the only two, in fact, in which this quite spontaneous grace is clearly evident. In Mr. Etchells's case this invaluable gift is backed up by a greater degree of accomplishment, and perhaps a stronger intellectual power; but it is even more pure and spontaneous, more surprising in its unconscious certainty of expression, in Miss Etchells's work.

So long as an artist possesses this gift he cannot go far astray; one convention may ease his expression, another may clog it; but with whatever determination he sets out, however wrong-headed and obstinate he may be, his feeling is sure in the end to get the better of his will. Not that the convention in which these artists paint seems to me unfavorable to them, far from it. I only note how lightly they wear any particular fashion, how effortless and unstrained their movements are, so that among much that is rather vehement in its assertion, their pictures might appear at first almost insignificant in their want of calculated effect. But they count all the more in the long run.

Only two sculptors exhibit at the London group, Mr. Epstein and Mr. Gaudier Brzeska. I will not repeat my admiring disparagement of Mr. Epstein. I wish I could change it to admiring enthusiasm. Mr. Brzeska is certainly one of the most interesting sculptors working in England. He is very brilliant and facile, and a master of his craft. At present he is very various, sometimes showing too great a reliance on his virtuosity, at others attaining to real directness and simplicity of expression. I am not sure that he is not more inspired by contact with Nature than by abstract problems of plastic design. There is no fear of his being merely literal or imitative, he is clearly too pure an artist for that; on the other hand, when he is abstract, he may become too schematic. At least, I liked his little naturalistic torso as well as any of his exhibits.

Altogether, the first show of the London Group entirely justifies its formation. It will, for some time at least, provide a platform for the *jeunes féroces*. One may hope that it will remain open to new impressions for at least two or three years, and that is quite enough to justify the creation of an artist group.

ROGER FRY.

II.—BY A MEMBER OF OUR STAFF.

It was Diderot's centenary the other day, and we were reading over his art-criticisms when the summons came to attend the exhibition of "the London Group." In those days Greuze was painting, and the bewildered modern thinks with reverence and regret of the days when Diderot wrote about Greuze. Those great elders went to a gallery like children to a play. They looked, and admired, and laughed, and wept. They read a story on the canvas, and with a classical *naïveté* they told the story, and called it criticism. And very well they told it, too. We are not sure, indeed, whether Greuze's picture or Diderot's essay is the better work of art. In those days one told the tale of the young girl and her dead bird, and one could reckon that the pen would reinforce the brush, and in the brotherhood of sympathy two "men of feeling," as that age would call them, would draw from the little anecdote all that it contained of sentiment and grace. Was it trivial, this art which could delight the plain man with an incident of daily life, saw with the eyes of every day, and aimed only at a mastery in the drawing and a craftsman's cunning in the manipulation of the brush? It seems to us amazingly restful and complacent; we envy the simple-minded pleasures of that age, and if any touch of superiority curls our smile, we remind ourselves that Diderot, as Auguste Comte would say, was the greatest mind of his century. We have no Diderot to-day, and assuredly we have no Greuze. The modern artist will give us everything but pleasure. He will shock and startle. He will shake us out of our complacencies. He will perplex and stimulate. He will move us to anger and to laughter.

He will send us staggering out of his rooms blinking at a mad universe, in which men curl up into the form of an interrogation mark that bounces across a patchwork of cubes. All this he will do for us. But he will not please. Resentful, bewildered, and hungry, we hurry home to our armchairs, take down a well-thumbed volume, relapse into an intelligible century, and sigh for the days when Diderot wrote on Greuze.

There is no Diderot. There is no Greuze. We cannot sit down to tell the story of Mr. Bomberg's mosaic and Mr. Wyndham Lewis's patchwork. Where shall we begin? They have baffled our sympathies and rebuffed our aid. We can sit down only to put an angry negative on paper. The honest critic can only say of the canvases which evidently convey the central message of the London Group to the world: "They meant nothing at all to me; I cannot distinguish one from the other, and for my part the effect would have been exactly what it was, if they had been hung upside down." We are not at all sure that there is a case for reasoning with these young men. The charitable visitor to these exhibitions begins with the assumption that all this startling work is sincere. It flows, he assumes, from some intelligible theory. In their ardent revolt from conventions these young men must have lit upon some discovery that for them illuminates the visible world. They have somehow trained themselves to see men running as animated stove-pipes. A human face does, in fact, present itself to their vision as a tortured arrangement of kindergarten blocks. They do see their fellows stalking about a muddy-colored earth in the guise of gigantic cockroaches or two-legged lobsters. But we have not even tried to believe that the hold of a ship looks to them, when they gaze at it, like a flat chessboard crudely and not quite regularly colored. It would be easier to persevere in this charitable theory did not the fashion in eccentricity change so rapidly. You have barely time to realize that men are uncommonly like stove-pipes or cockroaches, when, presto! another revolution has occurred, and you are presented with a portrait of Christopher Columbus which resembles nothing so much as one of those parti-colored quilts which our grandmothers used to sew together, after an unusually destructive puppy had ruined its symmetry.

There would be some compensation in gazing at canvases which have no meaning to anyone but the painter, which have neither top nor bottom, nor foreground nor background, and bear no apparent relation whatever to the visible world, if they were at least agreeable decorative objects. But the pattern is a chaos, and the coloring loud and crude. They must, we suppose, be regarded as symbols in some unintelligible script. The pious Moslem adorns the walls of his mosque with representations of Allah composed of the letters of his name. If one knows no Arabic the piety of the design is lost and does not edify, but it is usually pleasing as a decorative pattern. Our case is not merely that we do not understand the Arabic of these disordered cubes and prisms, but also that we do not like the design. We have gained no light on the character or significance of Christopher Columbus, and, what is worse, our senses have been offended and annoyed. For our part, the charitable modesty with which we began the scrutiny of these innovations has worn very thin. When the patient study of a jumbled pattern of crudely colored geometrical figures is rewarded at the last by the dim emergence of a rudimentary foot, a scratched-in leg, or an indication of a ladder, one turns away in equal discontent from the needle and the bundle of hay. The hay is an irrelevance, and the needle was not worth the hunt. The plain fact is that these young men are *farceurs*, who pursue an outrageous eccentricity, with no more serious aim than the fun to be derived from puzzling the public or the advertisement to be gained from the critics' anger. Some absinthe-sodden decadent may have started the fashion in a delirium which was at least sincere; his followers are dull imitators who have, in fact, less originality than the sorriest Academician who at least dares to be understood.

One is no less bewildered by the perverse contri-

butions of Mr. Nevinson. They startle, they innovate, but they are always lucid. The obscure young masters of the London Group are artistic egoists, who evidently paint only for themselves. We are never in doubt about what Mr. Nevinson intends to convey. He is not so revolutionary as to have discarded the vulgar contention that pictures are painted to be looked at, and are intended to convey some mental state—we are not sure if he would call it an emotion or an impression—from the artist to the public. It is perfectly clear when he sketches the inside of a "non-stop" tube train, or the landing-stage at Boulogne, that he intends to convey the sense of hurry and bewilderment which the scene calls up in the beholder. A musician would do it with truncated rhythms, broken phrases, exclamatory chords. His method is to hurl fragments of things seen in a wilful disorder at the beholder. It is not the scene which he depicts, nor even the memory which he records. What he constructs is a fantastic composition, in which the order of the outer world is tortured and inverted, while certain minute details which may have had some psychological significance for him, receive an inordinate emphasis. In the Boulogne scene it is a number (possibly the number of the engine) which stares at us from the centre of the picture. In the tube interior it is a fragment of a newspaper gummed on to the canvas. In the portrait it is an actual button fastened on to the painted surface. Here, one feels, there is a theory and a clear intention. We know very well from other examples of his work with what hard, forceful competence Mr. Nevinson can draw, and we are sure that his unconventionality is at least deliberate. Little as the work may attract us we have to admit a cleverness which sometimes achieves its end. The phantasmagoria called a harbor does suggest an overpowering sense of liquid water, and the jumble of the Boulogne scene does convey a sense of grimy and energetic hurry. The failure of this work, which has real personality and intellect in it, springs solely from the wrong-headed theory behind it. Mr. Nevinson is not representing the visible world as we see it, or even as he sees it. That is *vieux jeu*. He is carrying out a piece of psychological analysis. What struck me? he asks himself. Oh! that absurd number on the engine, of course, and then that bit of wall, and the funnels of the ship, and to be sure there was an absurd advertisement of something or other, and all the while the little men were scurrying about with luggage. So he jots down these fragmentary impressions, with no pedantic regard to right and left or up and down or foreground or background. They are things in his mind, and thought is not an extended surface.

That is the method of the literary artist, who will make what he calls a vivid word-picture by just this jumble of hints. But, unluckily, Mr. Nevinson has to work with a canvas which is an extended surface, and is hampered with a top and bottom and a left and a right. He cannot disregard perspective. The fragment of engine or the rounded funnel is drawn with every attention to perspective. It is in the whole scene that it is lacking. He is forced into destructive compromises. Now he is psychologizing, and again he paints. He leaps about from the flow of thought where impressions follow each other, to an extended world where there is an up and down and a right and left. The result is, to our thinking, on the whole, bewilderment and failure; but, unlike the work of many of his colleagues, it is an interesting and sincere failure. The experiment fails from no lack of courage or skill or craftsman's instinct, but simply because the artist has allowed himself to be caught in a devastating academic theory. He has power, and his future depends only on his ability to free himself from the entanglements of a sophistication.

One turns away from this exhibition of the London Group aware that youth is very much alive. These young men are tired of repeating. They will insist on a personal vision and an individual method. Their experiments may issue only in failure upon failure, but they have at least this subjective value that they are an expression of mental energy and the will to be oneself. How far that self is worth expressing remains to be seen.

We are not as yet convinced. The plain man waits while the melting-pot bubbles, perhaps with too little patience, growling from time to time that it is the result that interests him and not the artist's struggle towards individuality. And, on the whole, the plain man is right. Individuality is not an end in itself, and if your invention is barren, it were better that you had been satisfied with competent repetition. Something may come of the modern revolt; but while we wait, we can dream of the tranquil century when Diderot wrote on Greuze.

Present-Day Problems.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE DOCK LABORER.

THE condition of the casual laborer has long been the despair of social and industrial reformers. Many trades dependent upon season, weather, sudden freaks of taste or fashion, are essentially irregular in the employment they afford. But even where the demand for labor is fairly regular in amount, the presence of a chronic over-supply of competitors for jobs may cause a large amount of irregularity of employment and of livelihood. These industrial conditions react in a most damaging way upon the character of workers in particular industries or localities, breaking down the habit of regular work, so that many men will not undertake a full week's continuous work when they can get it. Many of these trades and workers are in numerous small, scattered businesses which seem to defy organization. But there has been one large industry, living largely upon casual labor, whose structure has been a special challenge to reformers—the group of trades concerned with the loading and unloading of ships. Ever since the great Dock Strike of 1889, attempts have been made at the organization and decasualization of dock labor in the great ports. But no more interesting experiment has been tried than the recent Liverpool Dock Scheme, an elaborate account of which (published by P. S. King & Son) is given by Mr. Williams, a divisional officer of Labor Exchanges and Unemployment Insurance.

Here are sixty-five separate firms, giving employment to from 15,000 to 23,000 men, according as the time is slack or busy. There are about 29,000 registered dock workers, many of whom are working for two or three different firms in a given week. Employers had been in the habit of picking and choosing to meet their daily requirements from among those who happened to present themselves at the dock gates. Men had no means of knowing where they would be wanted, or employers of knowing where they could get the best supply. Much time was wasted in fruitless hanging round, and the process of checking and paying wages, when irregular numbers of different men did bits of work for several firms in the same week, involved immense trouble for both parties.

The basis of the new scheme has been registration of all workers, and the establishment of Clearing House Areas for dealing with wages and employment. All persons entitled to apply for dock work are registered, and receive a Board of Trade tally. This tally is produced when a laborer is engaged by any employer and when payment of wages is made. It also serves as a guarantee that the holder has an insurance card deposited at a clearing house. For the operation of the Insurance Act has been an important stimulus towards the adoption of the central system for wage-payment, which is the most prominent function of this scheme. There are six clearing house areas, each with its clearing house and its separate Committee, consisting usually of two representatives of the firms belonging to the area, two representatives of the men whose tally numbers allot them to the area, with a Chairman selected by general agreement from the employers. These areas are connected through a central clearing house, which is the nucleus of the whole organization. Each firm, when it takes on men, gives them a tally, and keeps an account of their time and earnings upon wage-sheets specially provided for the

purpose, and differently colored for each area. These wage-sheets are sent in to the central clearing house as soon as possible after working hours on Friday, and there the managers of the various clearing houses sort them out into their several areas, compare the totals with the summaries presented by each firm, and prepare a summary of their own. Next begins the important work of transferring the items from the employers' wage-sheets to the official pay-sheets, an arduous and rather complicated work. Then the total earnings of each docker are ascertained, with due deductions for insurance. Finally, for each area a "Summary of Summaries" is made, classifying the wages to be paid by areas, and giving the following particulars:—

- (1) The number of the pay-sheet.
- (2) The number of men to be paid
- (3) The total net amount of wages.
- (4) The total amount of insurance deductions.
- (5) The gross amount of wages.

Each firm pays its total wage-account by cheque, and a sum of money is drawn from the bank and apportioned among the managers of the several clearing houses, to be paid out by the clerks to those who present the requisite tallies. The detailed technical arrangements for the smooth running of this wage clearance are intricate and ingenious. It is far from complete as a system of wage-payment. For two obstacles are at present causing trouble. First, there is the perversity of some of the smaller firms, which insist on paying their own wages, and refuse to utilize the clearance system. Secondly, there is the system known as "subbing," consisting of extra payments made for special purposes, to provide "meal money" in case of overtime, etc. The fact that the clearance house payments require that the week should end on Friday, so as to enable payments to be made on Saturday, seems to have led to a very injurious extension of "subbing," so as to cover by separate payments most of the money earned on Saturdays, instead of letting it run on into the next week's accounts. This has seriously affected the statistical value of the returns under the clearance system, besides weakening the whole economy of the scheme.

The Clearing House and its Committee, however, form a very serviceable beginning for the orderly organization of the trade. The Committees settle a great many knotty points relating to disputes about wages, the giving of tallies to other classes of dock labor, registration of unqualified persons, and matters of internal discipline. For questions of detailed wage dispute, there is provided in each area at the time of paying wages a dispute window, to which ordinary pay clerks refer those who raise difficulties as to the amounts due to them.

One other very important feature of the clearance house area requires mention, viz., the provision of a machinery of communication for enabling the supply and demand of labor at the docks to come into easy and rapid adjustment. The chief instrument for this is the "Surplus Stand," to which men who have not been taken on where they have applied may have recourse with the certainty of learning where among the various other firms vacancies occur. In each area there are two or three of these surplus stands in telephonic communication with all the firms in the proximity. In a highly localized trade like dock labor, it might appear that such provisions would at any rate secure that no demand for labor could go unsatisfied. But there are constant small shortages, amounting in all to a considerable waste, and this in face of the fact that there are 29,000 registered men against a maximum demand never exceeding 23,000. Mr. Williams explains this comparative failure of the distribution of labor by the slackness of employers and of men, neither of whom are yet educated to recognize the value of the surplus stands, or to make full use of them.

It is evident that a great deal more needs to be done before the decasualization of dock labor is accomplished. The statistics of actual employment during the year show that less than half the workers are in regular or even tolerably regular employment. The following sliding

table, relating to the number of weeks worked by each worker, brings out the extent of his irregularity:—

7,337 or 23·47%	of the total worked in each of from	0-13 weeks	
4,836 or 15·37%	"	"	14-26 "
5,228 or 16·61%	"	"	27-39 "
14,020 or 44·55%	"	"	40-52 "

Neither employer nor worker appears as yet to appreciate the importance of regularizing the labor system. It is largely a matter of acquired character in a large class of workers. There is a relatively high hourly rate of pay for hard manual work, and no compulsion on a man to turn up regularly. A man who is content to earn 15s. to keep him for a week need only work twenty-six hours. And a great many are content. They would rather have this liberty and leisure for half their time than more money with security and regularity of employment. Employers often complain, but in large measure they are responsible. "Why is it that they cannot rely upon a larger proportion of the tally-holders to apply regularly for work? Because for generations they have only given them casual work, and have thus created a body of men who have no desire to work regularly. Instead of pursuing a policy of concentrating their work on the least number of men, they have done the exact opposite. They have not made it worth while for any except their 'low numbers' to attend regularly, and consequently there is a large class of dockers which only come to the docks when all else fails, whilst out of the remainder a large proportion are only prepared to put in a few days in each week." As matters actually stand, about 31 per cent. earn 15s. or under, evidently not a living wage for any man with a family.

Mr. Williams asks pertinently, Whether it would not be infinitely better for dockers to get a regular weekly wage, with allowances for overtime, even if the wage-rate were slightly less per hour than now? And would it not pay employers to have a more reliable and efficient labor supply than they have at present? The appeal to economic interests seems overwhelming. But an effective organization appears to demand from the employers an amount of co-operation and consideration which they are very slow to give, and from the casual workers a habit of steady work which is very difficult to acquire. Moreover, it must be remembered that most of this dock labor is very heavy, monotonous, and destitute of interest. Many of these men probably have not the physique to support its continuous burden. Those who have no family to keep, or whose wives or children contribute to the family income, will not unreasonably prefer to earn 15s. with three days' work rather than twice that money for a full week's work, which involves much more than twice the tax upon their powers of physical endurance. It is not a simple problem, nor can we feel surprise that a year's trial of this interesting scheme has not sufficed to furnish a solution.

J. A. HOBSON.

Communications.

THE PERILS OF AMENDMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—This is a real crisis—there was none before—and hesitation may now spell disaster. One more step on the Cabinet's downward path, and there is an end to Home Rule, the Parliament Act, and much beside. Mr. Asquith's terms have been definitely refused, fortunately for us. We of the rank and file must insist that no further concession shall be made to threats of force, and that the Bill, in default of any better settlement, shall be passed as it stands. At all costs, we must not be committed to amending the Bill by exclusion, and by all the tangled mass of absurdities and anomalies consequent upon exclusion. It seems incredible that the Cabinet should ever have approached that open trap.

What does exclusion involve? Three kinds of amendments—

(1) To carry out the machinery of the *plébiscite*.
(2) To give effect to consequential amendments in the body of the Bill, as applied to Nationalist Ireland.

(3) To provide for the government of the excluded area. All three teem with difficulties and complications, with matter for prolonged and keen debate, and with opportunities for the destruction of the whole measure, without any breach of faith on the part of the Opposition.

(1) The whole principle of a referendum is new, and details must be expected to provoke lively controversy.

(2) Among hosts of alterations in the body of the Bill will be those required for Irish representation in the Irish Commons and Senate and in the Imperial Parliament, and those required in finance, &c. Take the latter. The Customs' clauses will have to go, and presumably the Post Office. Think what this means. The powers granted to Ireland are already whittled away and "reserved" until nearly half Irish expenditure is outside Irish control. Why? Mainly to appease Ulster opposition. Without that opposition we should have years ago seen a representative conference of Irishmen hammering out their own constitution on a truly dignified and responsible footing. Now, this obstacle—Ulster—disappears, and its disappearance is the signal, not for enlargement, but fresh diminution of powers. To complete the irony, the White Paper blandly congratulates us on the existence of the "reserved services" as simplifying the problem of exclusion. And since so much has been taken, it is easy to take more. The principle of the Union is invoked in order to save a mangled Home Rule.

(3) But the future government of the excluded areas is the most dangerous branch of the three. Do Liberals realize what Irish Government is, and that without express enactment to the contrary the whole of that grotesque system must (under exclusion) be duplicated and re-established in Belfast? And do they realize what is involved in express enactment to the contrary? The thing cannot be done hugger-mugger, or by unlimited Orders in Council, according to the complacent vagueness of the White Paper. Optimists may think it temporary, but the Ulstermen will regard it as permanent. The smallness of the area does not make the difficulties less great. It is anticipating the normal work of a Home Rule Government and providing sufficient matter for a separate Bill.

I have only given a bare sketch of the complications incident to the mutilation of Ireland, in itself an absurd and monstrous political act, creating chaos, intensifying evils, solving nothing. All the points I have raised, and many more, must be threshed out in Parliament, and, even if a rough draft agreement were to be arrived at, the Parliamentary obstacles might well prove to be insuperable. We should have only the "suggestion" stage of the Bill in the last of its three sessions under the Parliament Act, an Act which it is the whole purpose of the Opposition to nullify and destroy. Once embarked we could not turn back.

And the strange thing is that we should be assuming of our own volition a well-nigh impossible task, which, if we held our ground firmly, would rest on the shoulders of the Opposition. They claim that "Ulster" is a separate nation. It is not, and in their hearts they know it is not—the Ulster Unionists best of all. That is the bedrock of our position. Why abandon it?—Yours, &c.,

ERSKINE CHILDERS.

March 12th, 1914.

Letters to the Editor.

FROM WELLINGTON TO ROBERTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is, I fear, unlikely that Lord Roberts will have read the excellent article in your last issue on "Civil War." But surely Lord Roberts has not forgotten the old public-schoolboy words, "Play the game," though he appears to have forgotten how they should be applied at the present critical moment?

Perhaps it is not even now too late to recall what an equally great soldier and even more illustrious old Etonian than Lord Roberts said, when he decided for patriotic

reasons to give the weight of his authority to carry the repeal of the Corn Laws through the House of Lords. "I am quite of your opinion," said the victor of Waterloo to another Protectionist peer, "it is a d—d mess; but I must look to the peace of the country and the Queen."—Yours, &c.,

OLD ETONIAN.

Oakwood, Liverpool, March 12th, 1914.

SOUTH AFRICA AND BRITISH LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article in this week's NATION on "South Africa and British Liberalism" shows less knowledge and fairness than is your wont. Yet there are special reasons why we look to you to know and be fair in this matter. It involves issues of incalculable seriousness alike for labor, for personal liberty, and for the Imperial system of autonomous Dominions. Truth is unusually important. We cannot, of course, look for it from the pens of the Gradgrind Press. Equally, it is unreasonable to look for it from the protests of papers and platforms controlled by Labor. You might as well expect the whole truth about the Ulster problem from Sir Edward Carson. Wherever trade unionists come into serious conflict with the law, it is invariable and inevitable that trade union sympathy should be strong on their side, "right or wrong." It would be as silly to blame them, or to expect anything else, as to blame Sir Edward Carson in a parallel case. Above all must this be so where the events occurred thousands of miles away, in a country with whose daily news and personalities our public is totally unfamiliar.

It is very likely that, when you have done justice to all the circumstances, you will end by condemning the course which General Smuts and Botha have taken. But you will do immensely more justice to their difficulties. You will not suffer the "We told you so" of Lord Milner's friends; because you will find it impossible to conclude that any non-responsible Government could have handled these difficulties better, or as well. You will have grave doubts whether any Ministry at present in existence in Europe would do better in similar circumstances. You will see that it is absurd to parry the problem by tracing General Smuts's inspiration either to the "backveld" or to the mine-owners. The Cambridge prize-winner of twenty years ago, the brilliant pupil of Maitland and Westlake, is not a backvelder. Nor is there any ground for thinking that the statesman whose strong labor sympathies have been more conspicuous than those of any other Afrikaner has sold himself to the gold magnates.

The answer to a great part of your article is to be found in a document, of which there are too few copies in this country (and none, I believe, on sale)—the Report and Evidence of the Witwatersrand Disturbances Commission. Were it not almost wholly unknown here, British opinion would be in much less danger of misunderstanding South Africa. You cannot estimate the probability of the things happening which General Smuts feared, unless you know that at Benoni, in June-July, 1913, most of them did happen. The story of Benoni (pp. xvii-xxxii. of the Report) is one of the most remarkable episodes, from every point of view, of recent years. It may very well repeat itself, not in South Africa. What would you do if it repeated itself, say, in South Wales? Your task would be far simpler than General Smuts's, because there would be no ubiquitous dynamite and no native problem. But it would be difficult enough.

You doubt, for instance, whether "a small, truculent minority" could so dominate a "reluctant majority" as to make the maintenance of the law by ordinary means impossible. I think it is clear from the Report that, last summer, they did. You doubt whether General Smuts justified himself by the argument that without martial law he could not get convictions. But the decisive experience of the summer was that juries on the Rand dared not convict, nor even witnesses give evidence. They dared not, because they knew perfectly well, and from abundant daily examples, that if they did, their houses would be destroyed, their property and furniture burnt, their women stoned, and they themselves beaten senseless and kicked to a jelly. The light which the Report throws on (1) the outrages, (2) the practical impossibility of stopping them under the law, (3) the con-

tinuance of the terrorism which they brought about for weeks, and even months, after they had ceased, is both amazing and convincing. When you come to think of it, it was all quite accurately foreseen by M. Georges Sorel in his "Réflexions sur la Violence." Successful violence in a civilized State is enormously easier than it used to be. Many modern inventions help it; few help the State. Take three of which much use was made on the Rand—motorcycles, revolvers, and dynamite; each is of far more service to commit crime than to prevent it. Moreover (and here, too, M. Sorel was perfectly right), when such excesses are committed in the name of trade unionism, it is comparatively easy for any attempts to suppress them to be represented as attacks on trade unionism; and thus, in addition to the purposive violence of the few, there is excited the incalculable, uncontrollable violence of true "mobs," all the harder to deal with because mostly composed of harmless, honest men temporarily beside themselves with (in part) honest indignation. If you read in the "Cape Times" the verbatim report of General Smuts's speech, you will see that he laid stress on the physical quasi-impossibility of quelling such riots after they have arisen. As he said, the State has no ultimate weapon but fusillades, which everyone rightly detests, and which are futile if violence is organized over a sufficiently wide area. General Smuts inferred that your only chance is, by martial law, to prevent such riots from arising. You may blame the inference, but you cannot call it hasty or baseless; and you have only to follow in detail the evidences of extreme forbearance shown last summer by the Union Government, and by General Smuts personally in particular, to conclude that it was not thoughtlessly or cheerfully arrived at.

So much for the "previous experience" factor. May I cite another which you omit, and which surely is vital—the legal position of the strikers? By sections 19 and 20 of the Railways and Harbors Services Act, 1912, any South African State railway employee who strikes commits a crime punishable by a £50 fine, by six months' hard labor, or by both. Remember that this Act was barely a year old; that while penalizing State railwaymen at this point, it made them a very privileged class at others; and that these sections, deliberately inserted on account of South Africa's helpless dependence on its railways, were only opposed by the Labor members, and strongly supported even by Professor Fremantle. But, further, by the Transvaal Industrial Disputes Act, 1909 (modelled on the Lemieux Act of Canada), the Rand miners and nearly all the Rand strikers, and all who incited them (under s. 6, ss. 1 (b) and (d) and ss. 5), committed breaches of the law punishable with fines of from £50 to £250, or with six months' imprisonment. Many interesting comments might be passed on these facts (to which none of the deportees seem to have alluded), and also on the fact that this "vindictive" Ministry does not appear to have prosecuted any workmen under them. Space here only permits of two, (1) that this was what justified the Ministry in arresting the leaders of the railway strike when it broke out, before the general strike or martial law was declared; (2) that these are the offences named in the Indemnity Bill as the reasons for deporting the Nine. As to (1), it really is difficult to see what else, or what less, any Government, in face of a law so recently and deliberately passed, could do. As to (2), while I have no wish to belittle the gravity of deportation without trial, it surely is fair to recognize that the offence charged was one committed avowedly and in the eyes of all men, and no trial could make it clearer. And though deportation is not the statutory penalty for it, it is at least arguable that the statutory penalties, while less effective, would be more severe.

On two other points of fact I would venture a correction. One is in regard to the Kaffirs. You say that they were "well in hand." There is abundant evidence (e.g., the unprecedented discovery of assegais—tons of them—secreted in the compounds) that they were not; as also that the white strikers in the summer stirred them up not only by their example, but by direct incitements and threats. The other is a curiously elaborate injustice which you do to General Smuts. You represent him as the apostle of a policy for diminishing the non-Afrikaner white population. The exact opposite is the case. Before the Labor crises, almost the most discussed speeches in South Africa were those in which he advocated boldly the encouragement of white immi-

gration on Canadian and Australasian lines. The arch-opponents of this were, on the one hand, the Hertzogites (for racial reasons), on the other hand, Labor (for similar reasons to those which make Canadian Labor men oppose immigration).

In offering these few observations, I hold no brief for General Smuts. He and Mr. Creswell are probably the two best-read, most enlightened, and most up-to-date public men in South Africa; but it does not follow that either of them is entirely right. For some long time, it is worth remembering, they were in quasi-alliance. The new phenomenon which has parted them is perhaps not yet fully comprehended by either. But General Smuts is right in thinking it new, and in calling it, for want of a better name, Syndicalism. Part of his French parallel is perhaps closer than he knows. I have not forgotten the great dawn of hope, which in 1906 accompanied the formation of M. Clemenceau's great Radical Ministry, with MM. Millerand, Briand, and Viviani in it as Socialist members, the last two with the strong sympathy of M. Jaurès's party. What spoilt it all and them all? The action of the C. G. T. in fomenting crime of the Benoni type at Villeneuve-St. Georges, Draveil, and elsewhere; which compelled the Government to employ troops, and compelled those troops to fire, and so erected between the Radical Ministers and the French working-class a barrier of blood, which has sterilized the effort of both from that day to this. I do not doubt that the similar barrier now erected between General Smuts and Mr. Creswell may prove equally disastrous in its place. But there are too many forces openly working towards the same end in this country for those who regret them to be well employed in misunderstanding the facts elsewhere. If and when our turn comes, we shall not gain by having shirked studying the South African drama, or by having simplified down its enormously interesting and difficult issues into a plain fairy-tale fight between normal blameless British workmen and an ogre Boer Government which enjoyed devouring Magna Carta and Habeas Corpus. —Yours, &c.,

R. C. K. ENSOR.

London, March 9th, 1914.

[We are glad to have the further light upon the situation afforded by the Report of the Commission, to which we have not had access. It certainly gives a very serious complexion to the disturbances of last July. But it does not serve to explain why recourse to martial law and deportation was necessary in January. In July the Government were caught napping, and could not muster in time their full legal resources. Their mishandling of the situation then made it more dangerous. In January they had taken full precautions in preparation for the strike which their retrenchment policy was certain (even if it were not intended) to provoke. Moreover, before having recourse to martial law they had called up the full force of the Burgher commandoes, and had disposed them in the danger area. They had not even troubled to ask for the Imperial troops which would have been at their disposal. The situation was far less serious in January than in July, and the strength of the Government far greater.]

The case of the Government was argued by them before Parliament, as now by Mr. Ensor, almost entirely upon the occurrences of last July. Neither presentation shows that the Government was not strong enough in January to maintain order and to punish breaches of the law without declaring itself an outlaw. Mr. Ensor himself points out the laws under which the Government might have taken action, and says that "these are the offences named in the Indemnity Bill for deporting the nine." Unfortunately, General Smuts disposes of this contention in a single sentence of his final speech in the Cape House. "Under South African law," he said, "there was no serious crime for which the deported leaders could have been tried. He would have had to create a special crime and devise a special punishment."

As for the talk of Syndicalism, it is a fine sounding new scare-word to apply to methods which, however reprehensible they may be, are certainly not new. The essence of Syndicalism is a repudiation of political methods in favor of an exclusive policy of industrial shocks. These leaders are trade unionists and (we understand) Socialists, but not Syndicalists, and these references to M. Sorel are perfectly irrelevant.

A minor point. We did not in our article speak of General Smuts as owing his inspiration to the "backveld" or to the mine-owners. Still less did we suggest that he had "sold himself to the gold magnates." Our suggestion was that in dealing with white miners there was a natural harmony of policy between the two. Mr. Ensor appears to betray no more feeling than his protégé for the momentous and far-lasting consequences of proclaiming martial law before exhausting the resources of civilized government. —ED., THE NATION.]

THE MODERATION OF MR. BAIN'S SPEECHES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I beg the favor of a space in your columns to supply an omission in the account of the South African Labor Leaders which has been given to us by the daily Press.

That Press, while still in want of accurate information, conveyed to the public that those leaders represented the extreme section of the Labor movement, and were, individually, men who would not especially recommend themselves to the general body of progressive opinion as distinct from that section of it which is dominated by a sense of class antagonism. This view was in part dissipated on the arrival of the "Umgeni," but only in part. And that which I would submit to the judgment of your readers is, that, in the first place, that opinion requires greater correction than it has as yet received, at least in regard to certain of the deportees; and that, in the second place, certain omissions on the part of the daily Press are perpetuating, and giving fresh expression to, the original error.

Mr. Bain's speech in Hyde Park, on Sunday last, has been most inadequately reported, and although I am aware that the accounts which I shall quote do not pretend to a verbatim report, yet, I submit, the nature of their omissions renders them extremely misleading.

That which particularly calls for notice is that Mr. Bain is represented as limiting himself to preaching class solidarity, whereas in reality, both in distinction from the speakers who preceded him and contrary to the expectations of the crowd, he explicitly deplored class sectionalism and expressed his faith in the sincerity and value of that "upper class" support which the worker receives. The "Manchester Guardian" reports Mr. Bain as saying on this matter merely that "if what had happened caused the workers of England to sink all their petty and silly differences and to act together, the deportation would have effected good work." The "Daily Chronicle" reports a little more fully, "if the deportation of the Labor Leaders from South Africa helped the working classes of Great Britain to close up their ranks, it would have served its purpose and done good, and he for one would not regret it. He implored them to sink all their differences, so as to secure the rights to which all of them were entitled."

Mr. Bain spoke much more fully and more finely than that. In the first few passages of his speech he deprecated the narrowness which could have prompted the interruptions by the representatives of the woman's movement at the Opera House on Friday night. And that deprecation was the key-note of his speech. He had come to England, and he had enjoyed a great reception, but one strain jarred. He found progressive England petty, divided, selfish, woman against man, labor against thought, class against class, and in that smallness and division he found disappointment, and against that smallness and division he entered his protest, and in the strength and soundness of that sympathy which ignores class distinctions he expressed his faith. The better sense of the crowd responded to his appeal, as its worse sense responds to that appeal for "pure politics" which is supported by silly scandal and by gossip. And herein Mr. Bain both vindicated himself and read us a lesson in political conduct.

On Monday evening the "Westminster Gazette" noted "the speeches, so far as we have seen them reported, were considerably more moderate than might, in the circumstances, have been expected."

I would submit, therefore, that, in view of the false impression created by the daily Press, and of the refutation supplied by Mr. Bain's speech in Hyde Park, the Press should have been careful not to omit just those passages of the speech which most emphatically belied the "expectations" which they had aroused.

The high tone of Mr. Bain's speech could have escaped none but the prejudiced hearer.—Yours, &c.,

H. H. BELLOT, B.A.

59, Catherine Street, Westminster.

DIPHTHERIA ANTI-TOXIN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I ask leave to take, point by point, some statements in a letter which you published last week. I will take to-day certain statements about diphtheria antitoxin. They are as follows:—

"The antitoxin against diphtheria came into general use in 1895. The death-rate then (an admittedly abnormal one) was 252.6 per million. But in the next five years it rose to 272.4 per million.

"A similar *exposé* was the result of the trial of the antiphtheritic serum in the famous Hull epidemic."

In reply to these statements let me say:—

(1) The varying prevalence of diphtheria in a country, less in one year and more in another, does not affect the value of antitoxin as the cure for the disease. Antitoxin can no more prevent a bad diphtheria year than an umbrella can prevent a wet day, or blankets prevent a cold night. But, just as umbrellas prevent us from getting wet, and blankets prevent us from feeling cold, so antitoxin prevents children, if they catch diphtheria, from dying of it.

(2) Many thousands of cases which used to be called "croup" are now called "diphtheria." This fact profoundly influences the figures of the annual death-rate from diphtheria.

(3) The death-rate from diphtheria in the metropolis has fallen steadily from 13 per 100 cases in 1900 to 6 per 100 cases in 1912.

(4) The only question which concerns us in this matter is easily answered. Take 1,000 severe cases of diphtheria; divide them into two sets of 500 each. Leave the one set without antitoxin; give antitoxin to the other set. Which of these two sets will show the larger number of deaths? There is not the very faintest doubt of the answer to this question.

(5) In the early days of antitoxin, this actually happened, in Paris. At the Trousseau Hospital they did not use the antitoxin; at the Hospital for Sick Children they did. The Trousseau Hospital had 520 cases of diphtheria, with 316 deaths—that is a death-rate of 60 per cent. At the Hospital for Sick Children, during the same period, they had 448 cases of diphtheria with 109 deaths—that is a death-rate of 24.5. (*Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, September, 1894.)

(6) Diphtheria antitoxin has been in use by this time for twenty years in every country of the world. It is not a perfect method; like other potent remedies, it is not absolutely free from a shadow of a shade of risk. Still, in every country in the world, it has saved thousands and thousands of children from death. We may safely reckon, taking one country with another, that it has saved, by this time, more than a quarter of a million lives.

(7) The hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board get three out of every four cases of diphtheria in London. The antitoxin is, of course, constantly in use at every one of these hospitals. It began to be used in November, 1894. Taking all forms of diphtheria together, the death-rate in these hospitals has come down from 29.6 per cent. in 1894 to 9.4 in 1911. Taking the severe cases—the laryngeal cases—by themselves, the death-rate has come down from 62 per cent. in 1894 to 14.9 per cent. in 1911. Taking the worst cases of all—the tracheotomy cases—by themselves, the death-rate has come down from 70.5 per cent. in 1894 to 29.3 per cent. in 1911.

(8) There is a false argument, that the death-rate among cases treated without antitoxin is lower than the death-rate among cases treated with antitoxin. This statement is only true if one includes all the trivial cases which did not want the antitoxin, and therefore did not get it. If one takes the severe cases, one finds the death-rate far heavier among the cases treated without antitoxin. Thus, among the laryngeal cases, the death-rate is about 18 per cent. with antitoxin, and about 55 per cent. without antitoxin. Among the tracheotomy cases, the death-rate is about 30 per cent. with antitoxin, and about 85 per cent. without antitoxin. (M.A.B. Report for 1910, pages 253, 254.)

(9) There is another false argument, that the Board Reports muddle-up the "bacteriological" cases of diphtheria with the "clinical" cases. They do not: they put the bacteriological cases in a separate table. "It is very satisfactory to find that, notwithstanding the exclusion of the bacteriological cases, the death-rate, calculated on the admissions, for last year was 6.8, the lowest on record." (M.A.B. Report for 1912, page 155.)

(10) The facts about Hull are as follows: The increased mortality was due, simply and solely, to increased prevalence of the disease. The total supply of antitoxin in Hull was insufficient to afford adequate doses. All the same, there was a substantial improvement in the mortality among cases treated in hospital where antitoxin was used to a large extent. It was only for a few months that the antitoxin was not supplied free out of the rates. That was a good long time ago. The Hull poor to-day are better treated if they get diphtheria than Royalty itself was treated in the days before antitoxin.

(11) I will not trouble your readers with more figures. The world, twenty years ago, made up its mind about diphtheria antitoxin, and has not yet seen any reason to change its mind.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN PAGET.

(Hon. Secretary Research Defence Society.)

21, Ladbroke Square, London, W.

March 11th, 1914.

THE LAND CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent, Mr. Cotton, of Edinburgh, invites a reply on some points that seem to be incorrectly understood by him, and possibly by other readers of your journal. Mr. Cotton has before him the figures of two provisional valuations of a town property and of a suburban villa, both in the same assessment area, as to which he states that the "original assessment site values" are £33,506 and £12 respectively; and, on the basis of these figures, he proceeds to draw certain conclusions as to the effect upon each of a rate on land value. Your correspondent is under a misapprehension. The advocate of taxation of land values is not interested in the "original assessable site value" as recorded in the schedule of the provisional valuation. It is often a minus figure. "Original full site value" is, subject to certain adjustments, the valuation to which attention may be given as providing the future figures of taxation. In the case of the town property to which Mr. Cotton refers, the two values may coincide; but in the case of the suburban villa, it is manifest that they must differ, as £12 cannot possibly be the "original full site value" of ground used for a villa having an assessed rental of £60. No doubt the £12 of "original assessable site value" is in excess of the capitalized value of the feu-duty.

No useful purpose is served by taking even the accurate figures of two such properties, and assuming that they provide a ground for calculating the result of the change of basis—in whole or in part—of local rating. There are within any assessment area endless varieties of proportion between improvement value and land value in each separate piece of ground, and the total of each class of value over the area must be known before any reliable estimate can be reached of the effect of the change upon any given subject. At the present stage, it can only be generally affirmed that owners stand to gain whose improvement value in relation to land value exceeds the average of improvement value in relation to land value over the area, and, of course, *vice versa*. Where a high land value exists without improvement, the owner will find a new force compelling him either to improve or part with the land to a buyer who will improve.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in Glasgow that the Government are hastening the completion of the valuation in certain representative areas, so that they may test the result of various proposals of land value rating applied to the actual figures of these areas before committing themselves to any definite scheme; and I doubt if anyone who has entered into the close consideration of the subject will question the wisdom of their procedure.

Mr. Cotton's reference to land values being already rated should not, at this advanced period of the discussion, call for reply. They are now rated only as used; the demand

is that they shall be rated, used or unused. These two things are entirely different, and vary vastly in economic effect.

Mr. Cotton is under the impression that municipal expenditure is rendered requisite by the existence of improvements, and that these, rather than land value, are therefore the proper basis of charge. The correct reading of universal experience is that the presence and activities of the community are accompanied inevitably (1) by the need of public services, and (2) by the creation of a land value non-existent until the community appeared, and which would disappear, as would also the need of public services, if the community left. This presence of the community automatically raises the value of all land within the area, improved or otherwise, and it is surely just that this value of communal creation should be exhausted before any other fund is drawn upon to pay for the public services.

Meantime, the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Glasgow may be fairly interpreted to mean that while, say, half the cost of local services will continue to be collected on rental basis, the other half will be placed on the basis of land value. I trust that, in connection with this adjustment and with the settlement of the relative and very difficult question of increased subsidy from the national Exchequer in aid of local rates, it will be decreed that any such subsidy must form a deduction solely from that part of the local charge which is raised on rental basis.—

Yours, &c.,
Glasgow.

JOHN GORDON.

TWANKIDILLO.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the late 'thirties and early 'forties of the last century my father used to sing to his children the following fragment of a song which seems cognate to those quoted by your correspondents:—

"If my sheep should wander all o'er yonder plain,
There's my little dog, Lightfoot, will fetch them again.
Trandillo, trandillo,
Trandillo, dillo, dillo, dillo!

And he played upon the bagpipes made of the green willow."

—Yours, &c.,

OCTOGENARIAN.

March 10th, 1914.

WAFFLES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Last Autumn, at a farmhouse in Kidderden I met with "gopher" cakes. That is how they spell it there.

On inquiry at Harrogate, I was told by a tradesman that he remembered, some years ago when in the South, exporting a quantity to West Africa (of all places), but that he had not seen one since.

Further pursuit enabled me to obtain one at Harrod's, but at two or three times the price they used to be on sale in Yorkshire.—Yours, &c.,

M. A.

BELFAST BANKERS AND THEIR DEPOSITORS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There has been brought to my notice a letter in your issue of Saturday, February 21st, from Mr. Kelly, of Dublin, in which he states that the banks in Ulster are largely indebted for their prosperity to deposits from other parts of Ireland outside Ulster. This argument has been used frequently by Nationalists, and is repeated (I have no doubt in perfect good faith) by Mr. Kelly; but, as a matter of fact, it is simply an ingenious invention, with little or no basis of truth. I happen to have seen the figures concerning two of the three banks with headquarters in Ulster, from which it appears that the deposits from places outside Ulster are only one-sixth of the total, and more than the amount is returned by the Ulster banks as loans to people outside Ulster, secured by property of various kinds. It would, no doubt, cause some inconvenience and loss to the northern banks if their entire business outside Ulster was cut off, but it would not do them any very serious or crippling injury. The loss to the people outside Ulster would, as a matter of fact, be greater than to the banks.

I agree with Mr. Kelly that it is to the interest of these

banks to see Ireland prosperous, just as it is the interest of every man who lives in Ireland. Unionists are at least as anxious for a prosperous Ireland as Nationalists. One might indeed go further, and say that they are more anxious, because the people of Ulster have devoted themselves to building up great industries by energy and hard work, while other parts of Ireland have preferred idleness and agitation. It is simply because they believe, as all Irish business men, with scarcely an exception, believe, Home Rule to be fatal to Irish prosperity, that Northern business men—and, for that matter, Southern ones, too—are so strongly opposed to Home Rule.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE R. REID.

1, Lombard Street, Belfast.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DEPORTEES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—General Smuts's recent statement that the banishment of Mr. Poutsma and the others is not necessarily final shows a way in which the House of Commons may amend the Indemnity Bill—viz., by the insertion of a clause that the South African Parliament shall reconsider the case of the deportees not later than January 31st, 1915, which will be about a year from the date of their banishment. It seems to me that this manifests the authority of the Imperial Parliament, does not wound the *amour propre* of the South African one, and secures a measure of justice to the exiles.—

Yours, &c.,

YORKSHIRE RADICAL.

March 11th, 1914.

Poetry.

JACINTH.

FROM the ear-ring so weak
And so fragily swung,
At the rim of her cheek
A shadow has clung;
Sweet to the lips that were bolder,
Coldly it hangs on the colder
Face that was bleak
To the songs I have sung.

But the shadow-like light
Hath pierced to my soul;
And her crimson and white,
And the soft aureole—
Golden the gleam of her tresses—
Droop as her silence confesses
Under delight
There is naught that is whole.

Oh false one and fair,
Oh scornful and sweet,
Who would dream she could wear
Such a rare winding-sheet
Over the heart that hath perished!
Strange that the countenance cherished
Bears not its share
Of the inward deceit!

She will hear not the sound
Of the love in my voice,
Were her eyes to look round
It might weaken her choice.
Dark is the road we must travel,
Fearful the grave in the gravel,
Lonely the mound,
And I may not rejoice!

So much for the trust
In her beauty I placed—
A flattering crust
Over spiritual waste.
There I have done with her splendor,
Safety be hers till she render
Dust unto dust,
The soulless and chaste!

HARRY REGINALD KING

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A History of Penal Methods." By George Ives. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Philosophy of Religion." By George Galloway. (T. & T. Clark. 12s.)
- "Shaftesbury's Second Characters." Edited by Benjamin Rand. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Odd Hours with Nature." By Alexander Urquhart. (Unwin. 5s. net.)
- "Italian Yesterdays." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)
- "From the Thames to the Netherlands." By Charles Pears. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)
- "The Life of Sir Frederick Weld: A Pioneer of Empire." By Alice, Lady Lovat. (Murray. 15s. net.)
- "A Climber in New Zealand." By Malcolm Ross. (Arnold. 15s. net.)
- "Through the South Seas with Jack London." By Martin Johnson. (Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Time and Thomas Waring: A Study of a Man." By Morley Roberts. (Nash. 6s.)
- "La Grande Pitié des Eglises de France." Par Maurice Barrès. (Paris: Emile-Paul. 3fr. 50.)
- "Trente Ans d'Histoire (1871-1900)." Par Lieutenant-Colonel Rousset. (Paris: Tallandier. 7fr. 50.)
- "L'Héritage." Roman. Par Henri Bachelin. (Paris: Grasset. 3fr. 50.)
- "Der Bogen des Odysseus." Von Gerhard Hauptmann. (Berlin: Fischer. M. 3.)
- "Aus Meinem Leben." Band III. Von A. Bebel. Herausgegeben von K. Kautsky. (Stuttgart: Dietz. M. 1.80.)

Mr. J. A. HOBSON is essentially what the French sometimes call a "sumeur des idées," and many of our readers will be pleased to hear that a new book from his pen, to be entitled "Work and Wealth: A Human Valuation," will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. It is an attempt to apply a standard of human values to the modern industrial system, and thus to estimate the human costs and utilities involved in producing and consuming the real income of the nation. This task of interpreting the industrial system in terms of vital welfare occupies the first part of Mr. Hobson's book, and is followed by a discussion of the chief proposals that have been brought forward to reform our economic structure, so as to make it a better instrument for securing personal and social welfare. Mr. Hobson defends and applies Ruskin's motto, "all wealth is life," though he limits the application of that principle to those forms of wealth with which the life of business is concerned.

ANOTHER book announced by the same publishers is Mr. Graham Wallas's "The Great Society," mention of which was made in THE NATION some months ago. "The Great Society" will contain the substance of the Lowell Lectures which Mr. Wallas is now giving in America, and it extends to the general organization of society the method he adopted for dealing with representative government in "Human Nature in Politics."

It would be hard to find anybody more likely to do justice to the late Canon MacColl's political and ecclesiastical views than Mr. George W. E. Russell. He is in every way well suited to be the Canon's biographer, and his "Life and Letters of Canon MacColl," to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., is likely to throw fresh light on the closing years of Mr. Russell's other hero, Gladstone. Gladstone called MacColl "the best pamphleteer in England," and MacColl's pen was used to support Gladstone's views on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Home Rule, and the Bulgarian and Armenian atrocities. MacColl was nothing if not combative, so that his letters ought to make particularly lively reading.

NEXT week Messrs. Cassell will issue "Recollections of Sixty Years," by Sir Charles Tupper, the veteran Canadian statesman who began with a medical practice in Nova Scotia, and rose to be Premier of the Dominion. Sir Charles Tupper, who is now ninety-two, carried through the negotiations that made Nova Scotia part of the Dominion of Canada, and he has been in the forefront of Canadian politics for over half a century. His book will contain letters written by Sir John Macdonald, Lord Strathcona, Mr. Joseph

Chamberlain, Earl Grey, and others. These, besides Sir Charles Tupper's recollections, deal with international politics as well as with matters of purely Canadian interest.

THE subject of Signor Guglielmo Ferrero's new book, which will be published in a couple of months, is a comparison between the morals and manners of ancient Rome and those of modern America. Signor Ferrero is now engaged on a more extended work which he hopes to make the most comprehensive and searching study of the modern and ancient worlds that has yet appeared.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rather formidable list of books about Walt Whitman already in existence, it is certain that any definitive biography will be impossible until Mr. Horace Traubel has completed his eight volumes called "With Walt Whitman in Camden." The fourth of these will be published in the early autumn, and, like its predecessors, will be a record in the style of Boswell's "Johnson" of Mr. Traubel's conversations with Whitman, together with letters and other material which the poet handed to Mr. Traubel from time to time. Most of the letters will be published for the first time, and their writers include such men as Tennyson, Lord Houghton, John Addington Symonds, Bret Harte, Professor Dowden, Lord Morley, Mr. Edward Carpenter, and Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

WE learn from the "Times" that Dr. Paget Toynbee has been very successful in finding fresh material for his coming supplement to the late Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of Horace Walpole's letters. The new letters will include a series written to Sir Horace Mann, giving information about the movements of the Pretender and his two sons, as well as others to Sir Robert Walpole, Richard West, Henry Fox, Dr. Conyers Middleton, Lady Diana Beauclerc, Lady Hervey, General Conway, Richard Bentley, and Dr. Lort. Walpole has himself written on the packet of letters to Dr. Lort that it contains "two or three about Chatterton, very particular, and worth preserving." The supplement will also contain Horace Walpole's first two letters, written to his mother when he was eight years old, and his last letter, of which only one line and the signature are in his own hand.

IN addition to these Walpole letters, Dr. Paget Toynbee has found a collection of more than a hundred written by Gray to Walpole over a period of thirty-five years. Less than a third of these have been printed, and that in a garbled form, for although Walpole placed them at Mason's disposal for his memoir of Gray, the latter tells us that he selected such as in his opinion "would be most likely to please the generality of readers; omitting, though with regret, many of the more sprightly and humorous sort, because either from their personality, or some other local circumstance, they did not seem so well adapted to hit the public taste." On a slip of paper which has been preserved with the letters, Walpole explains that while he thought Mason's selections "very judicious," Walpole himself was "so partial to those early blossoms of his friend's wit, genius, and humor, that he could not determine to destroy them." It is to be hoped that they will eventually be incorporated in the late Mr. Tovey's admirable edition of "The Letters of Thomas Gray."

A WRITER in the current number of "The Author" gives a gloomy account of the requirements and records of the popular fiction market. There is no demand, he says, for good writing, and editors who have to provide for the popular taste are unable to accept it. "They have no patience with character-drawing unless it is done very quickly and very broadly; descriptions of scenic effects, no matter how deftly and artistically written, are blue-pencilled at once; subtlety is not allowed—and, indeed, but infrequently understood—and cleverness is the last offence." Broad sensationalism and sloppy sentiment are what is wanted, and these are furnished by an army of hacks whom the writer assures us are much better paid than the men and women whose names are known and respected. The moral which he draws is that the first thing for the aspiring writer of short stories and serials to do is to assure himself that his is not an art but a trade, on the whole as honest as most businesses, and one in which the pay for the hard-working and skilful craftsman is fairly good.

Reviews.

AN ANTINOMIAN CHRISTIAN.

"Time and Thomas Waring: A Study of a Man. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Nash. 6s.)

DEATH, and the fear of death—the way of escape from the pangs of its approach, and from the moral lassitude that they bring, the re-knitting of the human personality to life when the superficial, illusive joys of youth begin to wane—these are themes which appeal to most men and women who have reached their middle period, or passed it. They are the subject of much modern philosophy and fiction, but I did not expect to find them in the writing of Mr. Morley Roberts. Mr. Roberts is rather identified with the novel of action, even of violent emotional and physical action. He has been for the full, turbulent stream of life rather than for its retreating eddies. Surprising, therefore, and interesting is it to read a work like "Time and Thomas Waring." Waring is a journalist, but the book is not about journalism. It contains some incidental and very brilliant portraits of doctors, but neither the operation which Waring survives, nor that which kills him, has any vital concern with it. Its attraction lies entirely in its author's preoccupation with the problem—What kind of religious faith and attitude is possible to a man who realizes that he has only a short time to live, and whose mind is disembarassed not only of orthodoxy but of conventional morals? Waring is drawn for us as a full-blooded, hot-blooded man, who has taken life strictly enough for others, though not for himself. Suddenly, the current of instinctive egoistic existence is checked and threatens to stop altogether. Waring has lived for over fifty years, when he is faced with an operation for internal cancer, with the probability that the disease will recur, and that he may die in a few months. What, therefore, is he to make of his soul by the time that it may be required of him? Mr. Roberts does not include in these concerns anxiety about a future life. The Waring of the days before the operation was a churchgoer, who had apparently accepted his religion without troubling either to discern its meaning or to apply its teaching to himself. Married to a common-place woman of cold temperament and limited ideas, he had taken a mistress under circumstances of no special personal blame. But he had had no scruple in enforcing on others the rule of conduct he had broken. He had sent his son adrift for a boyish intrigue with a worthless girl, and harshly rated his daughter for an attachment to a married man with a drunken and violent wife. The rest of Waring's character is made up of a sort of selfish high-mindedness and imperiousness. These are the problems which Mr. Roberts chiefly selects for treatment, and he exhibits their other side to us by a device of great ingenuity and dramatic force.

The circumstances are these: Waring undergoes his operation, which is extremely difficult, dangerous, and prolonged. Mr. Roberts describes it with barefaced realism, and indicates, with much fineness of touch, the obscure incidents that go on in a patient's brain during his passage to and from the unconsciousness or half-consciousness induced by an anæsthetic. How we should like to capture those vague intuitions and half-lights of existence, and how futile the task of reconstruction seems to be! It is, however, on the recovery from the tortures and wanderings into ghost-land which a big operation implies that Mr. Roberts concentrates his art. Waring wakes up from them a changed man. The old Adam has departed under the physical shock. In cutting it away, the surgeon's knife has disclosed a man with a lower vitality and a more refined nature. This change of heart, that in Tolstoy's more profound analysis visits Nekhliudoff as the result of seeing his past life thrown on to the screen of an awakened conscience, has thus its origin in an accident, and lacks the thrill and the seriousness of a true spiritual experience. But Mr. Roberts treats it as a real conversion, and its consequence is worked out with great sincerity and force. Softened and subdued, this self-confident, hard-judging man steps out from the nursing home, full only of a "pity of humanity." Life, which has hitherto seemed to him full of rules and injunctions, now

appears to contain only one evil, which is cruelty, and one good, which is kindness.

"Once he had heard a man say: 'We shall never be religious till we forget religion, and never worship any God until we do not think of Him.' It seemed a strange saying to him, and yet now he knew it was true—or as true as any truth can be, for he understood the truth was, like a god, a projection of the mind. He began to be a little happier. He was still conscious that the world was a mechanism, but he himself felt less mechanical. His attachment to things seemed no more as if he were held to them by strange steel rods. There was a give-and-take in matter. An elasticity grew in him. He seemed to approach normality, or as near normality as he would ever get.

"He knew the greatest and most perfect type of natural humanity was that of a simple and kindly peasant, who questions nothing. Towards such a type humanity tended, but when it reached it, the world would be on a higher level. Questions would be solved, and, being solved, would be proved to matter nothing in the scheme of things. The future race, if mankind endured upon earth, would live beautifully for the day, and die at last in the strange ease of some healthy, happy bird upon the wing. But now mankind strove through and in a strange and bitter conflict, through ill-health, physical and mental. It knew not what to do nor where to turn. . . . The rules and laws of conduct were in a flux."

But what of Waring's own "rules and laws of conduct"? All that could occur to him was that, having in the past judged everybody but himself, he must in future judge no one. So he turns at once to square his new discovery about life with his old mental habits and behavior. He had been a Roman father, admonishing and terrifying his children; an indifferent husband, making his *bourgeois* little wife tremble under the lash of his tongue; a hard, upright journalist, intellectually impatient and self-opinionated, elbowing his path through life. All this must be undone. With him, as with Brand, life's rigid mould had broken, and henceforth its stream must flow whither it would. So he withdraws all his pre-conceptions. He reconciles himself to his son, and permits, and half-forwards, the irregular union between his daughter, who is sinking into a kind of melancholy decline, and her lover. To his wife he can only be personally gentle where he had been gruff and satirical; for he can neither give her his heart, nor break up his union of affection with Jennie.

Here I am a little puzzled. Waring has ceased to judge others; he has become a Tolstoyan, a kind of Christian anarchist. But, having ceased to judge others, is he not therefore to judge himself? His policy with Jennie is one of drift. He does not regularize his union with her (this, indeed, he cannot do), or disclose it, or abandon it. He keeps it on its old lines of secrecy, slightly refined and spiritualized. That may be the line of good nature, or idleness, or timidity, or average sensuality, but in the actual situation, it suggests itself as an avoidance of the problem rather than a solution of it. Jennie and her love remain outside the picture of the change in Waring, who, so far as she is concerned, hardly changes at all. Mr. Roberts may indeed say that he has not turned Waring into a Puritan, or an ascetic, or a believer—indeed, he makes him disavow all dogmatic faith. He has merely given him a new pair of spectacles, through which he can see life through a more imaginative, a more *understanding*, medium. The one thing which is thus revealed is that the moral right of harsh judgment, of punishment, is gone; for before it no flesh can live. All therefore that is left for one sinner to do is to help another. And thus far this remarkable and original book justifies itself. It suggests, as "Brand" and "Resurrection" and "Parsifal" suggest, that Christianity, if it has lost its purely intellectual attraction for the freer modern minds, is regaining its moral force; that passing out of the domain of law, and, indeed, being bewildered by its multiform sanctions and disallowances, a great many powerful and serious minds are arriving at a kind of Christian Gospel, based on the belief that society must reform itself, not merely as an organic, a political, entity (e.g., on lines of State Socialism), but in the inward thoughts and feelings of individuals about life and conduct. Mutual forgiveness, mutual helpfulness, are the religious conceptions which chiefly attract these thinkers. Some of them, like Mr. Roberts, are clearly anarchists in thought, on lines which Tolstoy, for example, the great exponent of neo-Christianity, would vehemently disapprove. But the tendency is evident; it has become almost a main stream of modern literature.

H. W. M.

THE INDIAN BUREAUCRACY.

"Bureaucratic Government: A Study in Indian Polity."

By BERNARD HOUGHTON, late Indian Civil Service. (P. S. King & Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS plea for drastic reform in our methods of administration begins with a review of Indian rule in its successive phases, giving to each phase its reasonable due: in the past, under a domestic autocracy, often wise and benevolent, as in the case of the great Akbar; in the present, under a foreign bureaucracy, self-centred and unimaginative, but performing its function of guardianship during a political minority; and, as regards the future, the author welcomes a hopeful movement towards democracy, the final goal being self-government under the aegis of the British Empire.

During the transition periods the centrifugal and centripetal forces have acted and reacted. Thus, after the fall of the native dynasties, when the *Pax Britannica* had been established, but the central authority was still imperfectly organized, the autocratic power became decentralized, and passed into the hands of John Company's European servants, who exercised personal rule in great districts, isolated by distance and lack of roads:

"It was the day of plenary authority and thin-spun control. . . . In these, the golden days of the Civil Service, one figures the district officer as riding joyously forth, the virtual lord of his domain, inquiring into grievances, dealing out summary justice, and endeavoring with indifferent success to check the pocolution of his subordinates. . . . If in his methods he was a little arbitrary, a little arrogant, who shall greatly blame him?"

This is a not unpleasing picture; and under such local administrators as Thomas Munro, Meadows Taylor, and Allan Hume, the land no doubt had rest, after the anarchy of military condottieri, and Pindari brigandage. But this form of paternal despotism could not continue after roads, and railways, and telegraphs, had brought the districts into close touch with headquarters, when India became "manacled with rails of iron," and a deadly uniformity was enforced by the great centralized departments. Within the last half-century, therefore, the power has passed from the district administrators to the Secretariats and the heads of departments: "impersonal has superseded personal absolutism—the absolutism of a machine, that of the man." The change from autocracy to bureaucracy has been gradual, but inevitable; the hope is that the change from bureaucracy to democracy, if slow, will be equally sure.

After this historical retrospect, Mr. Bernard Houghton, himself an Indian civilian of twenty-five years' experience, proceeds to explore the inherent defects of the present system. He has no quarrel with the *personnel* of the Civil Service—indeed he speaks of it as "easily the first service in the world"—but he deals very faithfully with the official claim to continue this bureaucratic rule as a permanent system of government. The claim is bad in principle, because the professional interests of a close foreign monopoly are directly antagonistic to the interests and aspirations of the Indian people; and it has proved mischievous in practice, because, under it, the "public servants" have mistaken their vocation and duty, setting themselves to be the masters, not the servants, of the public.

Official interests, civil and military, naturally favor increased authority, ample salaries, and docility among the governed. Hence the official opposition to the desires of the people, as regards free and compulsory elementary education, reduction of military expenditure, amendment of the Press Laws, and the separation of judicial and executive functions. Especially does officialdom resent trespass on the preserves of the higher appointments by educated Indians, not recognizing their manifest right to share in the administration of their own country. So acrimonious, indeed, became the expression of these sentiments in the evidence given recently in India before Lord Islington's Commission, that the Commissioners considered it expedient to conduct their proceedings *in camera*. But there is no use in attempting concealment; for this disease of class selfishness is chronic in the system; and its existence is forced continuously on public attention by the admirers of bureaucracy, who, with singular ineptitude, advertise in Parliament their hostility to legitimate Indian aspirations and engineer bogus "sedition" scares in the London Press.

As concrete evidence of this antagonism to Indian interests, Mr. Houghton points to the perverse attitude of officialdom towards the Indian National Congress, an organization of the intellectuals, which

"has striven to arouse the people from their servile slumber, to incite them to think for themselves politically, to criticize the action or inaction of Government, to remedy abuses, and to originate reform. It is the first-fruits of Western leaven, working in Oriental politics. . . . The speeches and resolutions breathe a spirit of entire loyalty, and a touching deference to the British Throne and the British Parliament. With what welcome has the bureaucracy greeted this first dawn of national life? An enlightened Government would have actively encouraged a political movement so quick with inspiration and with love of ordered progress; a sagacious one would at least have extended to it its countenance. Not so the Indian bureaucracy. . . . The National Congress has met from officialdom 'the welcome of war-knives.' Bureaucracy has never hesitated to avow frankly its antipathy to everything connected with the Congress. . . . These worthy people confuse manly independence with disloyalty; they cannot conceive of Indians except either as rebels or timid sheep."

Now, as regards proposals for reform. Two things are necessary: (1) that Indian public servants should, without vain regrets, accept their position as servants of the public; and (2) that the fabric of local self-government should be built up on the solid foundation of the ancient village communities, with representative councils for the village, the district, and the province. With regard to the first point, the author makes valuable suggestions. Citing the analogy in England, where the chiefs of the State departments are not drawn from the permanent Civil Service, but hold their portfolios by reason of political qualifications, as Ministers responsible to Parliament, he proposes that all the members of the Viceroy's Executive Council, Englishmen and Indians, should be non-officials, and should be nominated by the Viceroy with the approval of the Secretary of State; thus forming a Cabinet to support the Viceroy in carrying out the policy approved by the Government at home. For his British colleagues the Viceroy would no doubt select men of Parliamentary experience, or otherwise trained in the wholesome atmosphere of English public life, men like Lord Macaulay, Mr. James Wilson, and Sir Henry Maine, in earlier times; more recently, Lord Hobhouse, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, and Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson. For his Indian colleagues he would choose men trusted by the Indian people, whether experienced administrators of the old school, like Sir Salar Jung and Sir Dinkar Rao, or intellectuals of the younger generation, political disciples of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and the late Mr. Justice Ranade.

Already it is the practice to select the Governors of Presidencies, Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, from the class of experienced public men, outside the Indian Civil Service. This practice is cordially approved by Indian public opinion; and, in pursuance of the same policy of strengthening the political position of the Viceroy, "in opposition to the embattled host of officials," Mr. Houghton proposes that from this class of non-officials should also be chosen the chiefs of the greater Provinces, the Punjab, the United Provinces, Behar, the Central Provinces, and Burma. Further, in order to bring to the seat of power knowledge of India at first hand, he would increase to one-half the number of Indians in the Council of the Secretary of State. And, finally, following the lines indicated by Mr. John Bright sixty years ago, he advocates giving to each Province the opportunity of working out its own salvation, by developing the powers of the Provincial Legislatures, and limiting the Viceroy's Legislative Council to two functions: on the original side, to deal with matters concerning India as a whole; on the appellate side, to act as a sort of Second Chamber, with the duty of revising the decisions of the Provincial Assemblies.

These be bold suggestions; but they point to the path of safety, being based on British sympathy with freedom and progress. The "Indian Peril" arises from the substitution of Russian for British methods: its factors are obscurantism and police repression, leading to secret conspiracy and outrage. An increasing severity—the Sangrado recipe—only aggravates the evil. What is wanted is the policy of sympathy and conciliation commended by King George. The cure for disaffection is to create affection. In his Presidential Address last Christmas at Agra, Sir Ibrahim Rahintulla told us how "ridiculously easy" it is to win the hearts of the people of India, whose prominent characteristic is their

highly developed sense of gratitude, and he exhorts the officials, "as a religious duty," to try and see Indian problems from the Indian point of view. If they will do this, realizing that he that would be the greatest must be the servant of all, then, indeed, all may yet be well.

W. WEDDERBURN.

LIGHT AT LAST.

"The Secret of Charlotte Brontë." By FREDERIKA MACDONALD. (Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is one of the books that count. Eye-witnesses are not always the best judges of what they see or of the effect of their testimony on what they have not seen. Mrs. Macdonald has an eye to see, a mind to understand, and a heart to feel. She was a pupil in the school of Monsieur and Madame Heger fifteen years after Charlotte Brontë left it. She gives skilful and convincing evidence on the characters of the director and his wife, while to the study of Charlotte's experiences and emotions in her life at Brussels she brings a mind willing, as some of the biographers have not been willing, and able, as some of the critics have not been able, to sift the true from the false.

To the comprehension of this period in Charlotte Brontë's life, and of the dominion exercised by its emotions over her after years, there have been two obstacles. There is, first, a school of psychological critics whose very brilliancy tempts them to eschew mere facts, and who in this case have had the excuse that they had not the facts before them. Again, there is a class of readers whose pleasure it is to find in a work of fiction direct portraits of persons who live or have lived. Such readers will tell you glibly enough that in the pages of Anthony Trollope Mr. Gresham is Gladstone and Mr. Daubeney is Disraeli. Are not the politics alike and the initials the same? They are even vexed that Mr. Mildmay will not quite answer to Lord Palmerston, and account themselves herein almost the victims of a literary fraud. But such is not the working method either of the commonplace humorist or of the high-priestess of romance. It may be that if there had been no Court of Elizabeth there would have been no Beatrice and no Helena, but the Lady Mary Paulet or the Lady Catherine Hastings must pass through the crucible before they become characters in a romantic play. There remains an identity in part, but there is no identity in the whole.

Now, it might have been thought that these two obstacles would have been removed by the publication of four of the letters addressed by Charlotte Brontë to M. Constantin Heger. It has not been so. Prejudice and presupposition do not so lightly surrender their fastness. It was reserved for Mrs. Macdonald to storm the citadel. It is fair to add that she has one weapon which is all her own. The letters show that against the honor of Monsieur Heger not a word can be said. They show that for him Charlotte Brontë had, to borrow Mrs. Macdonald's words, "a tragical, hopeless, romantic love, that asks for nothing but acceptance, that does not 'seek its own,' the love that only asks to give." The letters do not show, and could not show, that Madame Heger may not have had some of the unpleasing—Mrs. Macdonald goes so far as to call them the hateful—characteristics of Madame Beck. That she had not, Mrs. Macdonald's testimony is decisive.

It, perhaps, hardly needed a woman's insight to perceive in these letters the exact nature of Charlotte Brontë's romantic passion, to see that, while her love was too strong to be shaken off, she herself was, in turn, too strong to bend an inch breadth towards the path of dishonor, that while its tragic hopelessness broke her heart, in the sense that never again could she be actively happy, it found a voice for the latent genius and such consolation as could come from the literary expression of romance. The fact remains that there are men who did not at once see the full meaning of these letters. Mr. Clement Shorter, deeply committed to another view and eager to find no flaw in Charlotte's character, sees no more in them than a desire for the comradeship of a great man. It may be hoped that in the light of Mrs. Macdonald's book he will reconsider his verdict.

The passion was there, but it was not a flaw. If the passion had not been there, neither "Jane Eyre" nor "Villette" could ever have come into being. As it was, Charlotte Brontë, almost alone among English novelists, was able to create the romantic as alone among English novelists Lefanu was able to create the supernatural, atmosphere.

And now, with the fresh evidence before us, we may endeavor to estimate how far the story of Lucy Snowe, a name chosen above several as chilly alternatives, is the autobiography of Charlotte Brontë. In character there is little likeness, in circumstances there is no likeness, between the girlhoods of the creator and of the created. At Villette Lucy is placed much as Charlotte was placed at Brussels, while on one side the two characters have enough likeness for the fictitious character to be allowed those emotional experiences which befell the real. Charlotte Brontë has left it on record that that in writing this conclusion of the novel, she felt no tenderness for Lucy Snowe, and was little minded to lead her to a bed of roses. It has sometimes been thought that there was in this some self-criticism and self-deprecation. It is not easy to see the grounds for this interpretation. On the other hand, one may well see why the writer should have felt some animosity against her heroine. She had drawn a character in some ways like—in some ways, very unlike—herself. The points of difference are those in which Lucy was least attractive. Can anyone like a portrait of himself into which have been introduced some unpleasant features foreign to the original; above all, when the picture is of his own painting? When at the end the story drifts away from the facts and the feelings of its actual counterpart, Lucy is refused the satisfaction of her love, it is true that Charlotte regards her whole field under the light of unrequited love, but this explanation does not exclude another influence acting in the same direction. Charlotte, having set her affection on a bright particular star, must needs get less than her deserts; but Lucy's merits are not to be set on the same plane. The star, indeed, was in either case the same, for Paul Emanuel's character was closely modelled on Constantin Heger. The man in the novel had to be unmarried. Those who have misunderstood Charlotte Brontë would far more have misunderstood her if she had told them that her "Master" had a wife. To that wife, if we find her depicted in Madame Beck, we must own that Charlotte has been sadly unjust, for Mrs. Macdonald, who knew and loved Madame Heger, can tell us what her real character was.

Happily, the evidence leads us not to this conclusion, but to one widely different. It is true that in the last months at Brussels there was an estrangement between Charlotte and the directress. On the one hand, Madame Heger had perceived Charlotte's romance, and saw that her husband was wholly unconscious of it. On the other, Charlotte could not bring herself to go away. Here Mrs. Macdonald's account shows much skill and insight. The wife had neither jealousy nor cause for jealousy; but the situation was delicate, for a discovery either by her husband or by anyone else might have been disastrous. She calmly sets herself to keep her husband and the governess apart, and to induce Charlotte to return home. To Charlotte, blind to the danger and conscious of no sin, this conduct seems harsh, and even cruel. That it was not so is shown by the event. There was such a scene as, had witnesses been present, might perhaps have ruined the school. Since Mrs. Macdonald is justly concerned to vindicate Madame Heger, she might, we think, have shown why it was necessary to draw in Madame Beck a character which, while it had some of the features, was in others very different from the reality. The cause is a corollary to the necessity of making Paul Emanuel an unmarried man. The real Madame Heger would not fit into a picture thus diverted from the facts. The children of Madame Heger, whose generosity kept back the letters until all whom they might have pained were departed this life, are entitled to this vindication of their mother's memory.

Mrs. Macdonald writes in a flowing style, which, at times, does not allow her a full stop even on a whole page. Though her argument would not have suffered by a less impassioned presentation, the style does not weaken her grip of the facts. She gives us interesting portraits of Monsieur and Madame Heger, and some views of the school and its grounds.

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THE FORM OF POETRY.

"Collected Poems." By FORD MADDOX HUEFFER. (Goschen. 5s. net).

"The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods." (Lane. 5s. net.)

MR. FORD MADDOX HUEFFER, who, at his best, is an exciting poet, has written an extremely stupid preface for this edition of his collected poems. He tells us that of his verse he does not know anything at all. "As far as I am concerned, it just comes." It would certainly seem as though there were moments when some latent faculty stirs in Mr. Hueffer, and, completely transcending his reason, produces such admirable things as "Club Night," "Thanks Whilst Unharnessing," "Gray," or this from the "Masque of the Times o' Day":—

"I am the Eve, beloved by those that tire.
All along the sunken lanes
And across the parching plains
I set dewy winds a-blowing,
Bring the cattle byrewards, lowing;
Bring the bats out, lure the owls out, lure the twilight
beasts and fowls out;
Bid a broadening path of moonbeams hunt the homing
smacks from seaward,
Flitting past the harbor lanterns, trailing in a flight
to leeward;
Set the harbor tumult rounding up the misty windings
of the mountains;
Set my tiny horns a-sounding by the rillets, by the
woodland fountains . . .
Tiny, tiny gnat-horns sounding in an intermittent cadence,
Cry, 'Stroll homewards, men and maidens,
Done is done, and over's over,
Leave the wheat fields, quit the clover,
Masters, hired ones, all you tired ones,
Troop along the dog-rose lanes, troop across the misty plains,
Done is done . . . is done, and over's over . . ."

which, in spite of a certain lack of sensitiveness from which Mr. Hueffer never wholly escapes, has a fresh and individual charm that is not uncommon in the book. But when this poet is not so inspired by an impulse which he claims, with justice we think, to be beyond his own control, his reason contemplates the art of poetry with strange inefficiency, and he writes very bad verses and makes wholly undisciplined and ungainly flights into the regions of criticism. "I hear in my head," he says, "a vague rhythm; and presently a line will present itself." The coming of poetry, of lyric poetry especially, is often in this manner. A mood has its own rhythmic instinct, and that instinct will gradually shape itself into a pattern or form, in other words, into lucidity. We can well believe that Mr. Hueffer's better poetry, with its intimacy and easy carriage, came in this way; but need lines like these—

"Whether the beginnings of things notable
Have in them anything worth noting.
Whether an acorn's worth the thinking of
Or eagle's egg suggests the sweep of wings in the clear blue,
Is just an idle question."

be referred to anything more remote than a rather idle sophistry for their source, or do they truly spring from some rare and secluded mood? We suggest that work like this was quite readily and deliberately controlled, and to very little purpose. Or do we really find here the perfect realization of a fine but elusive rhythm that has been attained only by some fortunate dispensation of the poet's genius?—

"I shall not watch you going down the road,
Not even to the turning at the hill,
Not for me to hear you greet the strange women,
Not for me to see them greet you.
They shall be many and many the houses you shall enter,
but never shall house be like mine,
Says the old faith we are leaving."

"I hear in my head a vague rhythm; and presently a line will present itself." Clearly, it is not always so with Mr. Hueffer. If the first vague rhythmic expression of the mood is really sincere, then it must be that in many cases the sincerity is lost in the passage to articulation; for, whilst there are many pages of profitable work in this book, there are also many where the rhythm is false, and false rhythm in poetry equals insincerity, or is, rather, a contradiction in terms. For the most acutely perceptive part of man's mind is that which asks that words shall not only make an explicit statement, but that they shall carry implicitly, by virtue of their perfect choice and distribution, their rhythm,

their music, a profounder significance than can ever attach to their unaided explicit content. This commonplace of criticism needs to-day to be proclaimed almost as a new gospel, for a disregard of form is the danger which most closely threatens the splendid vigor with which poetry again is moving among us. A clearly recognizable rhythmical pattern has been the one unchanging quality in English poetry, through all its manifold changes. Whitman attempted to break down the barrier between verse and prose, and he was himself broken in consequence; for, with all his greatness of spirit and eagerness of vision, Whitman remains a poet *manqué*. And all such attempts must inevitably meet with a like fate, since they definitely seek to deprive poetry of its subtlest and most stirring power of expression.

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods has allowed her work to be greatly flawed by indecision in this matter.

"I am a shadow, not a woman, a slave,
Or God knows what, for if I were a woman—
Young fair women
Are loved when first men marry them, but I
Was always hated.
It seems you have no affection for me. Well,
Why should you have? My father does not love me,
Or even pity now. Yet you remember,
Formerly he adored me.
My very mother has denied me mercy,
And God and man alike are grown incapable
Of care for one . . ."

Here, licence, which is freedom, has fallen into mere formlessness. Those short lines have no value, being the arbitrary disregard of laws that have grown from a fundamental necessity. Large tracts of Mrs. Wood's poetry suggest nothing whatever beyond the explicit statement that often has to be extracted laboriously because of the shapeless tumult of words in which it is involved. When Mrs. Woods is willing to accept the laws of her art, she rises at times to a very delightful accomplishment, as in "The Child's Birthday," the seventh and eighth of her songs, and such passages in her plays as Königsmarck's speech on page 305. We quote one of the songs:—

"I know thee, O thou wailing wind!
Thou comest from the summer's tomb,
Regretting what is left behind,
The glory dimmed, the lost perfume.

"Could I remember, wailing wind,
As thou rememberest, I could weep,
And weeping thus I should unbind
The dead from their eternal sleep.

"But still they sleep, remorseful wind,
They moulder passive, cold, and mute;
Wayfaring thoughts and passions blind
Pass by and tread them underfoot."

The disloyalty to form even here in her good work exacts some penalty; the use of words, especially in the first stanza, has in it a faint flavor of sentimentality, and we even find elsewhere—

"To-day you are mine, my own,
Whatever may chance to-morrow;
You reign in my heart alone
Without a shadow of sorrow."

But, with a few exceptions, the poems where rhythmical laws are most strictly observed are those in which Mrs. Woods does herself justice, and her art is, at its best, of considerable distinction. A selection of her poems, would, we think, have been of more service to her reputation than this collected edition. We get none of the pleasure that we get from poetry from the long turbid irregularities of "The Builders" and "High Tide on Victoria Embankment." Of the two plays that are included, "Wild Justice" has undeniable power, but fails from a lack of the exultation which we rightly demand from fine tragic art; the tragic poet's function is not only to create terror before us, but also to give us strength to triumph over it.

THE FLIRTATIONS OF ELIZABETH.

"Elizabeth and Mary Stuart: The Beginning of the Feud." By FRANK A. MUMBY. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

It will be generally admitted that there is no better reading than letters. Mr. Mumby's audacious scheme of giving us a history of England, as far as is possible, in a sequence of

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letters, will excite the imaginations of clerks and laymen. He has already deserved and won high praise for the first two volumes in his scheme, "The Youth of Henry VIII" and "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth." If the third volume is rather less attractive, it is not because the period covered is less bustling and romantic, but because one of the chief letter-writers, Bishop Quadra, the Spanish Ambassador, is more than a bit of a bore. His letters may be precious as State papers: as letters they are leaden. Our chief interest in letters arises from the fact that they take us, as it were, into the conversation and common life of past times. They enable us to escape from history-in-ten-volumes into the street and the living-room. Letters like Bishop Quadra's, however, get no nearer the atmosphere of life than a Blue-book. Perhaps, as it is Mr. Mumby's ambition to depict regal events rather than the life of the people, the majority of the letters which he uses are bound to have something of this Blue-book quality. But if this is so, he would be well-advised to exercise a more rigorous selection: letters of ambassadors should be reserved for critical occasions.

It is disappointing not to find a livelier portrait of Elizabeth than we get here. There is, no doubt, Roger Ascham's letter to John Sturmius, in which he says of his royal mistress that "neither at Court, nor in the Universities, nor among our heads in Church and State, are there four of our countrymen who understand Greek better than the Queen herself," adding:—

"I was one day present when she replied at the same time to three ambassadors, the Imperial, French, and Swedish, in three languages: Italian to the one, French to the other, Latin to the third."

And we find Quadra writing of her in one of his furies as "this woman, who, I think, must have a hundred thousand devils in her body, notwithstanding that she is for ever telling me she yearns to be a nun, and to pass her time in a cell, praying." Again, we learn through Sir Henry Neville that, when urged to marry Dudley, she would "puff with her lips: she would not marry a subject. . . . Men would come to ask for my lord's grace." From these and similar sentences we learn something of her accomplishments, her cunning, and her irritating archness. But she remains a stiff figure at the end of it all, in spite of her splendors and meannesses, her statesmanship and her vanities. Even if she does not come alive, however, the formula which expresses her stands out clearly enough. She was a flirt whose flirtations were elevated into a policy. Like Penelope, she was besieged by suitors, and her plan was to play a waiting game with them. She dangled hopes before one after the other, not from a natural freakishness so much as from public necessity. She did not want to alienate Spain or to lose the friendship of the Emperor. Hence she would pretend at one time to be eager to marry Dudley with the King of Spain's blessing, and to favor the Catholic religion. Soon afterwards she would play with the idea of a match with the Archduke Charles. Sir William Pickering, the Earl of Arran, Eric IV. of Sweden, and the Duke of Holstein, brother of the King of Denmark, were other suitors for her hand. Her own subjects, on the other hand, were as eager for her marriage as were any of the ambassadors at her Court. But she was always ready with an excuse. Quadra, seeking for an explanation of her reluctance to marry, declares on what he claims as medical authority, that "the Queen will never be able to bear children, and that she knows it." "The truth," says Mr. Mumby, "seems to be that 'she was not as other women,' as Mary Stuart wrote." She told the Commons in her first Parliament that she would be proud to have it engraved on her tomb: "Here lieth Elizabeth, who reigned a Virgin and died a Virgin." Those who invariably have some physiological explanation for the secrets of history and biography will find Elizabeth an interesting subject for speculation. Whatever may be the truth, it may at least be said that in this matter her weakness became her strength.

Her attitude to the Church of Rome was as essentially flirtatious as her attitude to her suitors and to foreign princes. In the beginning of her reign, she delayed far too long, according to her Protestant subjects, in de-Romanizing the Church. In 1565, we find her wheedling Guzman de Silva, a later Spanish ambassador, with what may be described as Protestant-Catholic talk. "I was praising," he wrote—

"I was praising lately to the Queen a ceremony she performed on Holy Thursday, and the sermon of her Bishop Almoner, and the devotion with which she made the crosses on the feet of the poor women, and kissed them, as I informed your Majesty in a former letter, to which she answered, 'Many people think we are Turks or Moors here, whereas we only differ from other Catholics in things of small importance.' I said, 'And those things your Majesty will soon mend.' 'And you will see it,' she replied; but one can only believe what one sees; the changes are not from day to day, but from hour to hour."

And in another letter Guzman wrote:—

"I told her, as I am sure she knew, that her preachers spoke ill of her because she had a cross on the altar of her chapel, and that they did in this daring disrespect to her person. She signified that they should order crosses to be put into the churches, and that some of the newly rebuilt ones have stone crosses, not inside, but on the towers."

It may reasonably be argued, however, that in this Elizabeth showed her born genius for compromise rather than a gift for flirtatious diplomacy. She did not pretend to be a Protestant-Catholic; she actually was one.

In the present volume, Mary, Queen of Scots, is almost as prominent a figure as Elizabeth. One has a vivid picture of that tragic and unguarded lady as John Knox roars his new orthodoxy at her on her arrival in Edinburgh. "She willed him," we are told in a letter, "to use more meekness in his sermons." But neither in his sermons nor in his conversations was he courtier-like. "You know the vehemency of Mr. Knox's spirit," writes William Maitland of Lethington to Sir William Cecil, "which cannot be bridled, and yet doth sometimes utter such sentences as cannot easily be digested by a weak stomach. I would wish he should deal with her more gently, being a young princess unpersuaded." Her subjects gave her an odd reception on her entry into Edinburgh:—

"She dined in the Castle. The first sight that she saw after she came out of the Castle was a boy of six years of age, who came as it were from heaven out of a round globe, presenting unto her a Bible and Psalter, and the keys of the gates, and speaking unto her the verses which I send you. The rest were terrible significations of the vengeance of God upon idolatry. There were burnt Corah, Dathan, and Abiram in the time of their sacrifice. They were minded to have had a priest burned at the altar at the elevation. The Earl of Huntly stayed that pageant, but hath layed many as wicked as that since he came hither."

But the most interesting pages of Mr. Mumby's book are not those concerned with the leading figures of Elizabethan history—not even the chapters on the tragedy of Amy Robsart and the Darnley marriage. Rather, they are pages like those which contain a Venetian gentleman's view of the English people in the time of Elizabeth. Here is a delightful passage from the Venetian's letter:—

"The English are universally partial to novelty, hostile to foreigners, and not very friendly amongst themselves; they attempt to do everything that comes into their heads, just as if all that the imagination suggests could be easily executed; hence a greater number of insurrections have broken out in this country than in all the rest of the world. . . . From the same cause has arisen the change of faith, which is the greatest alteration that could possibly arise in a nation, because besides the offence that is thus committed against our Lord God, a revolution in customs, laws, obedience, and lastly in the very State itself, necessarily follows, as has happened in Asia, Africa, Germany, and in a great part of Europe."

And Englishmen, who regard their history as something that has, since the Garden of Eden, broadened down in a humane and orderly manner from precedent to precedent, will do well to read another passage from the same letter:—

"Hence also have resulted many depositions of great men and promotions of the unworthy, many imprisonments, exiles, and deaths. It is also a fact, incredible though true, namely, that during the last twenty years three Princes of the Blood, four Dukes, forty Earls, and more than three thousand other persons, have died by violent death. It may therefore be easily imagined that no foreigner could rule this kind of people when even their own countrymen are not safe. . . ."

Dr. Jewel, the Bishop of Salisbury, another letter-writer quoted by Mr. Mumby, is also interesting for the light he throws on the credulity of learned men in Elizabethan days. He writes in August, 1562:—

"There has been here throughout the whole of this present year an incredibly bad season, both as to the weather and the state of the atmosphere. Neither sun, nor moon, nor winter, nor spring, nor summer, nor autumn have performed their appropriate offices. It has rained so abundantly and almost without intermission, as if the heavens could hardly do anything else. Out of this contagion monstrous births have

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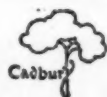
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taken place—infants with hideously deformed bodies, some being quite without heads, some with heads belonging to other creatures, some born without arms, legs, or shin-bones, some were mere skeletons, entirely without flesh, just as the image of Death is generally represented. Similar births have been produced in abundance from swine, mares, cows, and domestic fowls."

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The Week in the City.

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In spite of the collection of revenue, the Money Market has remained comparatively abundant for this time of the year, and discount rates have eased off considerably since last week. The only adverse factor has been a sudden demand for gold from Argentina, where trade and credit are suffering severely from the restrictions imposed by banks. The cause of the trouble seems to be an excessive land speculation which has ended badly for the speculators. It is hoped, however, that the crisis will be successfully met with the help of loans and imports of gold from Europe. The Stock Exchange has been divided between the good prospects in the Money Market and the dark outlook of affairs in Mexico and Brazil. There has been a good deal of talk about the Ulster question, but that has not affected Ulster securities. The news by mail and telegram from Mexico is extremely bad, but the sensation of the week was the information which reached the market on Thursday that, under a decree of the Mexican Government, dated January 12th, the interest and sinking fund on the City of Mexico 5 per Cent. Loan of 1889 has been suspended. This unexpected blow caused a sensational fall of ten points—from about 84 to 74. At the same time, acute weakness has been felt in all the Brazilian loans, the new Rothschild loan for eleven millions, contracted last summer, being by far the worst. It has now fallen to 84, which, allowing for the dividend due on April 1st, is about 15 discount. As French bankers are interested in many second and third-class securities of both Brazil and Mexico, the gloomy reports in both countries have naturally accentuated depression in Paris, which has a big Government deficit and a lot of Balkan embarrassments to meet. Nevertheless, the continuance of good trade and the favorable outlook for money inspire confidence that before long there will be another outburst of speculative buying on the Stock Exchange, from which, perhaps, gilt-edged securities may benefit again.

A CHEAP BOND.

The Budapest Loan, which has been talked about for some time, has at last appeared in the form of an issue of £1,000,000 in 4½ per cent. bonds at 89 per cent. The yield, therefore, from income alone is a trifle over 5 per cent., but there is an additional inducement in the terms of redemption which provide that repayment of the bonds shall commence on July 1st, 1914, by drawings at par, so that it is possible for a purchaser of a bond at £89 now might be repaid £100 in July next, in addition to interest for the period. The number of bonds to be redeemed each year is not stated in the prospectus, but is to be printed on the bonds. Assuming that the redemption will take place by an accumulative

sinking fund, the average yield on the whole loan works out at about £5 3s. 6d. per cent. at the price of issue. The security of the City of Budapest is quite good enough to make its bonds a very fair 5 per cent. investment without the bonus of redemption, and the bonds are worth buying at the present discount on the issue price.

A HIGH-PRICED GAMBLE.

This week there has been advertised the prospectus of the Tough-Oakes Gold Mines, Ltd., offering 100,000 £1 shares at par in its capital of £500,000. The company is floated by the Kirkland Lake Proprietary to acquire 426,388 fully-paid shares and options over another 171,110 shares of a Canadian company, also named the Tough-Oakes Gold Mines, Ltd., whose total capital is 600,000 shares of \$5. The price to be paid for these shares and options is £127,152 in cash and £246,250 in fully-paid shares, out of which 100,000 shares are profit to the Kirkland Lake Company on the sale. A technical report upon the property has been made by Mr. H. H. Johnson, formerly manager of the Village Deep, Ltd., Johannesburg. Without going through his report in detail, it may be said that only 12,000 tons of ore are actually proved; the valuation of these is by no means conservative, and one sees nothing in the prospectus or report to justify the capitalisation of this company or the price it is paying for its interest in the Canadian concern. Insufficient development has been done for the ore reserves to be calculated and valued at figures commensurate with the capitalisation placed upon the company. What may be proved at some future time may turn out rich enough to make the present purchase price look cheap, but for the sellers it is a bird in the hand, and purchasers do not know whether there is even its equivalent value in the bush.

PROGRESS OF THE "PRUDENTIAL."

It is usual to regard the Prudential as the great monument of industrial life insurance as, indeed, it is, but out of its total assets of nearly £87,000,000 well over half belong to the Ordinary branch, so that the company is by no means the "poor man's life office" that many suppose it to be. Last year, in its Ordinary branch, it issued 71,359 policies assuring £6,849,224, and there are not so very many offices in the country that can show new business exceeding even £1,000,000 per annum. The reversion bonus, after setting aside £700,000 for investments depreciation, was at the handsome rate of £1 16s. per cent. per annum. The ratio of commission and expenses of management in the Ordinary branch is very low indeed, being a trifle over 8 per cent. of the premium income. In the Industrial branch the company received £7,874,456 in premiums, an increase of £81,894, which would have been greater but for the inclusion of fifty-three weeks' collections in the 1912 accounts.

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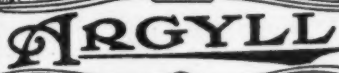
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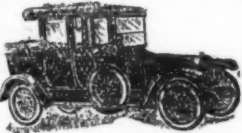
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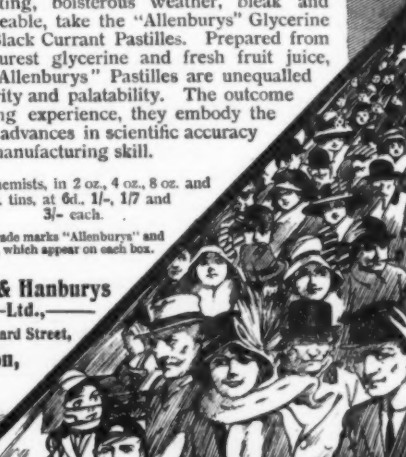
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